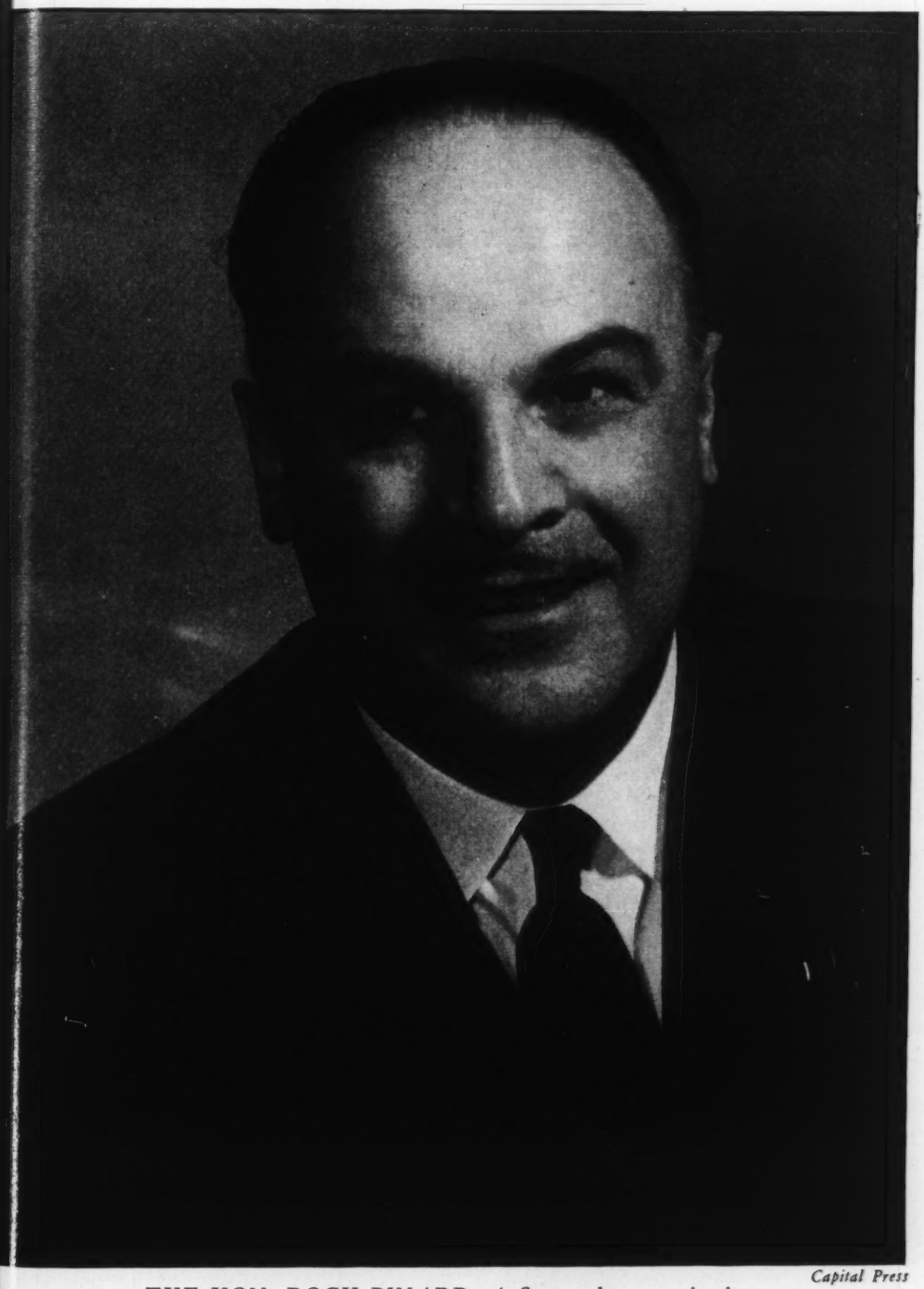
Saturday Night

March 5, 1955 • 10 Cents



Capital Press

THE HON. ROCH PINARD: A flag and a constitution.

The Front Page

If Parliament got through a session without someone bringing up the subject of a national flag, the members would probably leave Ottawa with an uneasy feeling that some important bit of business had been forgotten. The subject has come up regularly since 1945, when the Commons voted 182 to 2 in favor of Canada having a distinctive flag, and 1946, when the Red Ensign was put forward as a substitute for the Union Jack until a new flag was approved. The present session got an early reminder in the form of a private bill introduced by A. H. Hollingworth, a Liberal from (of all places) Toronto, asking the Secretary of State to submit for parliamentary approval a design for a national flag.

The Secretary of State, the Hon. Roch Pinard, undoubtedly would be happy to comply with the request. The most outspoken nationalist in the Federal Government, he has expressed the opinion that "a nation is not free that does not have its own constitution, its own autonomous institutions and its own national flag". It is the caution of his colleagues in the Government that delays a decision. If Mr. Pinard

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By Ernest Watkins: Page 7

IMPORTANT NEWS OF EMBA* MUTATION MINK

To the ladies who love mutation mink—and you are legion—

the Mutation Mink Breeders Association makes this important announcement:

New trade-marks to identify three of the mutation mink types produced by Emba*.

There are several important reasons for these changes which are of vital interest to you . . . Emba* ranchers through the mastery of genetics, skillful care and inspired fur farming, originated and produced mutation mink which are acknowledged the world's finest — in sheer magnificence, richness of fur and superb natural colouring.

To protect the furriers and the consumers who buy Emba* furs, the Mutation Mink Breeders Association adopted a policy of trade-marking each of the six types of mutation mink to establish quality and to simplify identification so that all may have the assurance of possessing the genuine article.

Three of these Emba* trade-marks, Royal Pastel, Topaze, Silverblu, have recently been given common name status, and thus are no longer exclusive for Emba* Mutation Mink.

Therefore, in keeping with its policy of advertising and promoting only branded quality mutation mink and to protect the public, Emba* has adopted new trade-marks for these three particular mink varieties produced by its members. Here is a complete list of the new marks and the whole "Emba* Royal Family of furs."

Trade-Mark	Description
EMBA ARGENTA*	natural grey mutation mink *(formerly Silverblu)*
EMBA AUTUMN HAZE*	natural brown mutation mink *(formerly Royal Pastel)*
EMBA DESERT GOLD*	natural light brown mutation mink *(formerly Topaze)*
EMBA JASMINE*	natural white mutation mink
EMBA CERULEAN*	natural blue mutation mink
EMBA LUTETIA*	natural gunmetal mutation mink

These trade-marks are your guarantee for they may be applied only to choice Emba* pelts; they *may not* be used for any other type fur whatsoever, or for any mink not of Emba* origin and standards.

Emba* brand mink are scientifically produced, carefully inspected, matched and graded for colour, depth and quality by experts who have spent a lifetime judging furs.

They are branded "Emba"*—they are clearly identified by tags and woven labels as genuine graded Emba* when sold. Just as all the world goes to Paris for fine couture—so all the world comes to America for Emba* Mutation Mink. Fur specialists from England, France, Germany, Italy, South America, Australia and South Africa, as well as North America, come to buy at Emba* sales for their discriminating clientele.

Ask your furrier to show you Emba* brand mutation mink garments. Ask to see the Emba* stamp and label. Remember Emba* is your assurance of Quality and Exclusiveness. •TM **Mutation Mink Breeders Association**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

were released from cabinet discipline, there is no doubt that Mr. Hollingworth and the others who have introduced similar bills in the past would get fast action.

It should be noted, however, that Mr. Pinard put the flag third in his list of requirements for national independence. There is a widely held opinion that only the lack of its own flag keeps Canada from reaching the full stature of a sovereign nation. But a flag is only a symbol, and one that does not mean very much if the nation does not have complete control over its own constitution. At present, Canada does not have such control.

Justice Minister Garson described the present situation when the question of a Bill of Rights was being debated in the House of Commons the other day. He said: "We are in a position here in which we have to secure from the Parliament of the United Kingdom amendments to our constitution with respect to all of these matters of joint concern to Canada and the provinces". This state of constitutional subordination is relished more by Canadian politicians than by the British Parliament; it is a convenient protection against embarrassing demands for constitutional reform.

There is no doubt that constitutional reform is needed. The limits of Federal and provincial powers must be more clearly defined in all fields, from taxation to civil rights. And the proper starting point for the necessary reform is the ending of the procedure whereby amendments to the Canadian constitution, the British North America Act, must be referred for approval to a British Parliament.

UN Wear and Tear

IT WAS cheering to hear that wear and tear on the furnishings at United Nations Headquarters are ten per cent greater than the original estimate—cheering because the people responsible for the deterioration were serious-minded citizens who, in their eagerness to know what was going on, tramped the floor-coverings bare and wore out the springs and coverings of the chairs provided for spectators. No vandalism was reported; no one stole in to carve initials on the desks of the statesmen or to leave personal messages in lipstick on the glossy walls. At least we're not backsliding as long as the headquarters of the UN are still regarded as the world's living room where anyone is free to drop in, if only to listen to the family rows.

Communication in Art

BEFORE VISITING the Painters 11 Exhibition that closed at the Roberts Gallery in Toronto last week, we puzzled over the paragraph printed on the folder announcing the show: "There is no manifesto here for the times. There is no jury but time. By now there is little harmony in the noticeable disagreement. But there is a profound regard for the consequences of our complete freedom." That was all. It seemed to us to be both an explanation and a challenge, which could not be properly understood without a study of the exhibition itself.

The Front Page

After looking at the work of the eleven artists in the show (Bush, Cahen, Gordon, Hodgson, Luke, MacDonald, Mead, Nakamura, Ronald, Town and Yarwood), the first three sentences of the statement on the folder can be understood. There is no new statement of belief in the paintings, and time will assess their worth more

STILL LIFE by Harold Town.

accurately than any contemporary critic. But we looked in vain for a revelation of "a profound regard for the consequences of our complete freedom". A regard for consequences implies the discipline that denies complete freedom; moreover, it is doubtful if artistic freedom means anything if it is unrestrained by the intellectual discipline imposed by the necessity for communication. It is not enough that a painter or a musician or a writer be able to see or feel things differently from his fellows; he has a responsibility to share his vision, emotion and thought with others. If there is no such communication, art is meaningless, and ceases to be art. An idea conceived in one mind does not properly exist until it has been expressed in such a way that it illuminates other minds. In all of the works at the Painters 11 Exhibition there was obvious artistic freedom, but to us there were few that had the power to communicate.

No one expects an artist to reduce his work to the banal simplicity of a child's primer, a five-finger exercise or an advertising billboard. He can make demands on his audience in return for the rewards he bestows with his special insight. But he must have an audience, large or small, that does understand. The search for artistic freedom has become such a passionate, personal quest during the present century that, pursuing it, many artists seem to have forgotten that having something to say means little if it cannot be said intelligibly. It is possible that many of today's artists have spent so much time exploring the abstract qualities of personal creativeness that they have become completely introverted and have lost all identification with life.

After Breakfast

THE VICE-PRESIDENT of an American insurance company has suggested that wives who fail to provide their husbands with a good breakfast and a hearty kiss each morning are responsible for a large share of traffic accidents. Luckily for wives, the responsibility cannot be fixed legally, otherwise courtroom dialogue might run something like this: "My wife, Mrs. Doe, started nagging and wouldn't stop even after I threw the scrambled eggs at her, so I went out and bumped this guy in the rear fender." "You should have bumped Mrs. Doe in the rear fender. Ten dollars and costs to Mrs. Doe." There's enough emotion in traffic court already, without getting the overflow from the division of domestic relations.

What Defence?

EGGED ON by Federal authorities, municipal governments all across Canada have been setting aside fairly substantial amounts of money to spend on civil defence during 1955 — a prudent procedure as long as they have a clear idea of what it is that makes defence necessary, but pretty wasteful if they are acting only upon a vague conviction that civil defence is "a good thing". Unfortunately, there is much more vagueness than clarity in the municipal decisions, which is not strange considering the odd reluctance or inability of the Federal authorities to provide vigorous, practical leadership.

The only justification for the setting up of an elaborate organization for civil defence is the possibility of attacks by enemy aircraft or guided missiles. What needs thinking about is the form of the attack. If it is expected that it will be the sort of thing endured by London and Berlin during World War II, then there is little reason to quibble about the bumbling at Ottawa or anywhere else in this country. It is not, however, a reasonable expectation. If an enemy wanted to destroy a target in

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Canada, he would do it in the swiftest, surest and most economical way. And nobody in authority in Canada, to public knowledge, has done any really serious thinking about civilian defences against atomic attack.

These are the facts that must be endlessly repeated to drive them into the consciousness of the people who still think about air raids in terms of incendiary bombs and high explosives: a hydrogen bomb kills every living thing in an area of about 70 square miles and, in the direction that the wind is blowing, radioactive fall-out is deadly for another 40 miles; the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States has admitted that "the shelter afforded by the ordinary city buildings would not suffice within the central area surrounding the point of explosion of a large nuclear weapon". Any defensive preparations that do not take into account these facts are a waste of money and time — and worse, a gross deceit of the public.

Escape from Paradise

OTTO STRASSER has left Paradise, Nova Scotia, and Canada. He was glad to leave and Canadians were just as happy to see him go. There was never any apt symbolism in the fact that the fallen angel of the Nazi party became an exile in a place called Paradise; he had been cast out of hell, and now returns to Germany to try to recreate a new inferno. He says he will gain control of West Germany within a year — but his prophecies have been as muddy as the rest of his thinking. In 1941 he predicted that the war would end that year, with the Germans rebelling against Hitler; when Tito split with Stalin, he saw a quick end to the former as the result of a revolution fomented by the Russians. Now he sees himself as the fuehrer who will give the German people a new social order, a new culture, and in the process rid them of "the quisling, Adenauer". He spent his time in Paradise chewing the cud of his frustrated, evil ambition. It's a pretty rotten cud by now, and if the Germans are not revolted by it, Otto Strasser is precisely what they deserve.

Director

MICHAEL LANGHAM, who will direct *Julius Caesar* at the Stratford Festival this summer, arrived in Canada from England with what he thought was a pretty good idea of the style of acting he could expect. Then he watched a performance of *Marching Song* at Toronto's Crest Theatre, where he has started a stint as director, and had to toss out all his preconceptions.

"I got my original ideas when I was a prisoner of war," he told us. "We put on plays in the camp, and I was the director. When we did *Golden Boy*, Canadians made up almost the entire cast, and they gave me an impression of immense exuberant vitality. They had a bravura style, and that's what I expected when I came here. Then I saw the great restraint of the acting in *Marching Song*, and I had to change my opinion. Another thing that rather surprised me was the information that the Crest has had most success with what might be called intellectual plays, like *The Confidential Clerk*. London successes are mostly escapist plays, although there is a wider range that appeals to audiences in centres like Birmingham and Glasgow. The latter city wants its own type of drama, not the escapism of London. There has been quite a revival of playwriting in Scotland and there they have developed their own type of acting.

John Steele

MICHAEL LANGHAM: First, writers.

"Style in acting, I think, stems from a style of writing—not entirely, of course, because national temperament and other factors cannot be ignored, but the writing does have a very strong influence on the acting. Canadians will develop their own style of playing as they develop playwrights. The country is too young, perhaps, for any specific character to emerge yet. It is difficult for countries like Canada and Australia, young in years, to develop individual styles. The world is comparatively small now, and influences come in strong from so many directions. The older countries enjoyed more isolation, in a world that was more spacious and leisurely.

"The difficulties of the live theatre are pretty much the same wherever you go. There is a super-abundance of mechanical forms of entertainment. Films and television provide escape and relaxation, but the theatre goes beyond that. It should be a place where the audience goes, not to escape, but to participate, to share in the excitement. A play on the stage exploits both actor and audience."

Better Armed

CANADA'S ARMED forces may not be the best equipped in the West, but the Defence Department seems intent upon making them the most comfortable and the most completely documented. The defence estimates published a little while ago showed that the department proposed to buy fewer aircraft, armored vehicles and similar military luxuries, but planned to provide the army with 245 more civilian clerks and six more upholsterers, the navy with 49 more typists and the air force with 738 more cleaners. This indicates that the Department is taking a very subtle approach to national defence: boost each fighting man's morale by giving him his own fat, well-dusted file and he'll be tough enough to tear any enemy apart with his bare hands.

Plugged Line

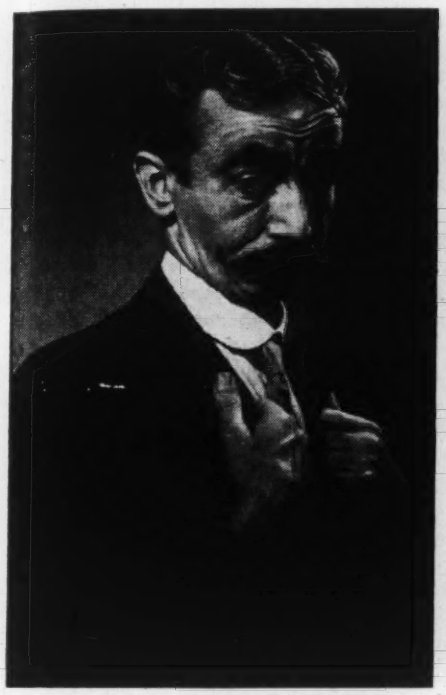
THERE WAS a great pounding of patriotic drums when the first proposals were made for a pipeline to carry natural gas from Alberta to Ontario and Quebec. Politicians and professional flag-wavers were horrified when it was suggested that the first pipeline dip into the United States, where there were big markets to justify the cost of the project. It must not go outside Canada, they cried, and no red-blooded Canadian would doubt that it could be pushed through hundreds of unpopulated miles and still benefit both the producers and the consumers. But in recent weeks, as it became apparent that Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd., the private company entrusted with the project, was having its difficulties, there has been more embarrassed silence than patriotic fervor.

There is no reason why the Federal Government should use public money to ensure the success of the pipeline project. The original mistake was made when the most economical route for the line was ruled out. There is no good in compounding error. Ontario and Quebec are not running short of fuels; the market in the two provinces is competitive, and it would be grossly unfair for the Government to subsidize, directly or indirectly, one of the competitors. Nor should the producers in Alberta be expected to subsidize eastern consumers by accepting lower rates.

What is needed is a careful review, free from jingoistic influence, of the conditions affecting the construction of the pipeline. Let the private companies handle in their own way the business of getting the gas from west to east, and let the Government stay out of it.

Eric House: Canadian Character Actor

Photographed by Don McKague in Four Roles that Show his Range

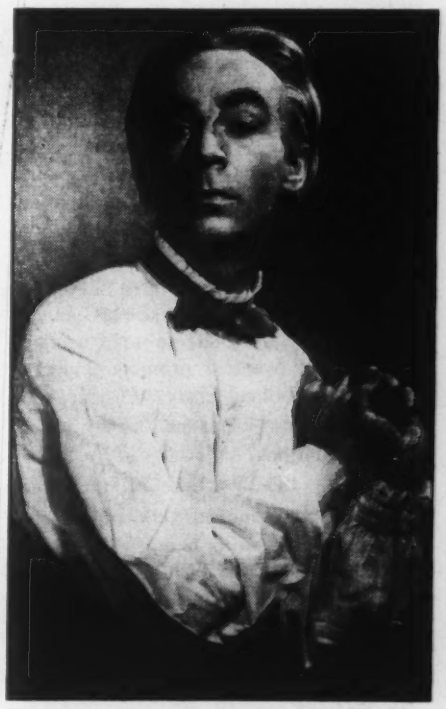


As the opinionated barber in Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches", a CBLT production in 1953. A period hair-do and moustache, out-curving lines and a pulled-in chin change the face.

Eric House is a Toronto-born actor who specializes in character roles. So good is he at submerging himself in the part that people are always surprised ("Was that Eric House?") when reminded of his various characterizations. Even his elderly gentlemen are completely different, from his bumbling little priest in Jupiter Theatre's The Lady's Not for Burning *to his shakily skipping suitor in Stratford's* The Taming of the Shrew. *Mr. House came into the theatre via Robert Gill's Hart House Theatre (University of Toronto) after a wartime stint in radar work in the airforce. He is one of a small group of professional Canadian actors who have never worked at anything except acting. He was an original member of the Straw Hat Players, the summer stock company run by the Davis brothers. Since his graduation from the University of Toronto in 1950 (in geography, of all things!), he has played with Toronto's Jupiter Theatre, Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre, in Bermuda, on radio and TV and will be reporting this summer for his third season with the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. For the past two seasons he has been a permanent member of the Crest Theatre, Toronto. A bachelor, he lives with his parents in their Toronto home.*

As the elderly suitor in The Taming of the Shrew, *Stratford Shakespearean Festival, 1954. A wig, different eyebrow levels and in-curving lines from nose to mouth create an effect of age.*

As the snobbish father in The Lady from Edinburgh, *at the Crest Theatre, Toronto, 1954. Grey streaked hair, trim moustache and forehead lines give the needed age for a straight role.*



As the effeminate tailor in The Taming of the Shrew, *at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, 1954. A longish-hair wig, pinched lines to the nose and pursed, disapproving lips do the trick.*

Stern Lesson for Labor: Socialism No Benefit

By ERNEST WATKINS

WHEN THE RAILWAY workers in Britain decided in January to strike as the only means of winning a wage increase, and convinced the authorities that they meant it, they brought to full circle a movement they themselves had set in motion almost exactly fifty years before. It was a railway strike in South Wales that began the pressure within the trade union movement for the creation of its own political party. The political party the trade unions brought into power, the Labour Party, decided that the solution to the workers' problems was nationalization, and in 1945 a Labour Government set about nationalizing the railways.

Less than ten years later the railwaymen have found that nationalization has been no solution at all. The boss is still there and he can still decline to raise wages. Hence the strike notice. Hence, the exasperated feeling among the railwaymen that this is where they came in.

What is the value of the success or failure of this experiment to anyone, trade unionist or non-trade unionist, in Canada? The answer is simple. While there are those in Canada, or in the United States, who believe that nationalization (State ownership), in some form, is a proper ultimate goal for organized labor, then what has happened in Britain is important at least as an illustration. On both sides of the Atlantic there are two questions, distinct but related, which are as yet undecided. They are: Should an organized trade union movement promote and control its own political party? Should trade unions look to "Socialism" as an answer to their ambitions?

Basically, the function of the trade union has not changed very much since the unions came into being. The system which is called "capitalism" is a series of vast compromises and, like the constitution of the United States, looks remarkably clumsy when set out on paper. It rests on two propositions: one, that the capitalist will not risk his money and his energy unless he sees a sufficient profit at the end of the venture; the other that the worker will not accept employment if he thinks the wage offered is too low. Those are the basic freedoms, the right on either side to say "No". So the pressure groups within the system struggle to increase profit or to raise wages and it is the consumer, who also has the right to say "No", who in the end forces the compromise. It follows that the pressure groups on the workers' side, the trade unions, must at least be free to decide for themselves when to apply pressure, how much pressure to apply and when to stop and compromise. Those are the freedoms that matter (and those are exactly the freedoms that the trade unions under Communism do not have).

In the end the compromises over wages, profits and prices are made by men who have learnt that there is a point at which they must agree. If the coal miner insists that he will not work for less than five dollars an hour, the day comes when he finds that not only is no one buying the coal, but other sources of power have been found which will replace his coal once and for all.

But each side naturally looks for more effective means of bringing pressure to bear on the other, and at some stage individual groups will attempt to use, perhaps to control, political institutions as an aid. What drove the trade unions in Britain to fashion the then small Labour Party into their chosen political instrument was a Court decision in what is known as the Taff Vale Railway case. In that case the Court held that the railwaymen's union, and its funds, were liable to pay damages to the railway company if the union leaders called their men out on strike in breach of their contracts of employment. Only Parliament could change that ruling and the union leaders took the view that to be effectively represented in Parliament they needed their own political party there. They set out to give the Labour Party strength. They supplied energy, organization and money, and in the end they saw that party in power.

That is a British picture, so far. Trade unions in the United States never faced quite that situation and never made the same decision. Canada comes halfway between the two, for only a section of the organized trade union associations would like to see the CCF as the chosen political instrument of the "worker" in Canada.

It's a nice argument as to whether the British or the American example is the better to follow. Do you get more with one party substantially under your influence and the others in opposition or from the power to switch your political strength from one party to another according to how they propose to play ball? The other question is where, how and why this idea of "Socialism" crept into the trade unions' thinking. In its formal sense, Socialism stands for the state ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Do trade unions have to believe in that? If you eliminate

U.K. Information Service

BRITISH RAILWAYS' worker: Even under Socialism, the boss remains.

the capitalist, do you create a world in which the worker can get any wage he likes to demand?

The plain answer to these questions is "No", and, in an inverted way, that is exactly the answer the railwaymen in Britain have given. They have experienced Socialism and they have found that the idea of Socialism is totally irrelevant to what trade unions mean and work for. The "boss", management, remains. They have found that they are no more likely—and some would say are less likely—to get good organization and so good wages from a state-owned concern than they are from one not so owned.

Today, in Britain, there are three main points of view among trade union leaders. There are some who cling to the beliefs they learnt at their teachers' knees, that public ownership is essential to their members' welfare. This no longer has a rational foundation; it is a myth, a conviction based on early training and an atrophy of thought since. The realists—and they are now a majority—are divided into two schools. One (notably the mineworkers' leaders) believes that the union must be kept wholly independent of both management and ownership, because only then can it exert its maximum pressure. The other (notably the railwaymen's leaders) believes that the union should be given an increasing part to play in management, for only then can the "workers" have a fair chance of improving their status, duties and pay.

But the realists have this in common; they have ceased to worry overmuch about "ownership". They see that no longer does it make any real difference whether a large unit such as a railway is owned by thousands of individual holders of stock or by millions of taxpayers who, in effect, put up the money to buy out the former holders of stock. Either way the business is run by a management. What matters is whether that management is efficient at running the business and so in creating conditions under which good wages can be earned.

On the whole, Canada has been fortunate in avoiding this obsession with ownership. It is a country in which publicly-owned railways and power corporations can exist side by side with those which, as the definition runs, are still in "private" hands. In any group on the Left there are always some whose hatred of capitalism is based on jealousy and envy, both bad emotions and bad guides. There are also those who disapprove of the profit motive on moral grounds. But Canada has escaped anything the equivalent of the Taff Vale Railway decision and all that came from it.

The CCF may continue to flog the dead horses of the thirties. But that will prove only that Socialists in Canada still have to catch up with reality.

American Credit Insurance

AND

The Case of the Timely Advice

THIS is an illustration of the manner in which American Credit can often help initiate action for the benefit of its policyholders. Whatever the size or the nature of a business, situations like the one outlined here *can* arise.

In the present case, the policyholder had previously obtained an increase in the credit limit on a single customer, up to a coverage of 150 thousand dollars, with a ten percent deductible. Some time later, the policyholder's Credit Department contacted us through routine channels about a proposed extension of time on the account. The total outstanding at that time amounted to slightly more than 120 thousand dollars.

Before deciding what should be done, we suggested that an investigation be undertaken through one of our own branch offices. With the facts in the case fully established, the policyholder agreed with us that an extension was actually inadvisable, and authorized us to proceed with efforts to collect the amount past due. No payments were forthcoming, and in the meantime, other creditors had come forward. Preparations were made for immediate suit.

As a result of our activities and the activities of other creditors, the debtor made an effort to find a purchaser for his stock, in order to ward off complete disaster. Such a purchaser was eventually found, and negotiations were begun for settlement of the claim. In the meanwhile, we paid our policyholder slightly over 100 thousand dollars, thus forestalling any possible curtailment of operations due to shortage of fluid capital.

Eventually, with the concurrence of our policyholder, a settlement was made with the purchaser of the stock for payment of the greater part of the original debtor's account. Thus, through the timely advice of American Credit, a happy ending was written to a story that might otherwise have terminated in misfortune.

Whether you are doing business with a few large accounts or a great many small ones, you too will find new assurance in the knowledge that your accounts receivable are protected by insurance to at least the same extent as your buildings, your machines, and your shipments. For your copy of a new booklet: "*Credit Insurance, Its History and Functions*," write to one of the offices listed below.

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Foreign Affairs

Now, "Mendès and Water"

By Willson Woodside

IT IS NOT going to be easy for anyone to succeed Mendès-France, the most energetic French premier since the war, the man who said: "My program? It is to keep moving." It is not going to be easy to find the new majority, or to grapple with the life-and-death questions of relations with North Africa and Germany on which he broke his teeth. And it will be about as difficult to institute the economic reform program he never got around to as to retain the confidence of the country without attempting the reform which the people now expect.

Perhaps the least that will do and the most that can be expected is "Mendès and water"—as a shrewd British observer expressed it to me in Paris fifteen months ago. It has often been remarked that Mendès, who looked upon the foreign problems which preoccupied him mainly as obstacles to be cleared away so that he could get down to work on his New Deal program, was ousted before he could get properly started on economics. But perhaps he was ousted because he was just about to turn his furious energy, and the backing which he had won with his weekly radio talks to the people, to an economic reform which was bound to hurt many vested interests.

(Besides threatening the lobbies with which many of the deputies are identified —sugar beet and wine subsidies and high protective tariffs and quotas for agriculture and industry—he had also introduced a bill for electoral reform which threatens many of their seats.)

It is not surprising that this Assembly, which never liked Mendès anyway, accepted him only under popular pressure for an Indo-China settlement, and accumulated a ferocious hatred for him before he had finished driving through the German treaties, has thrown him out as soon as it was safe in doing so. But it would be surprising if the deputies did not sense that, in view of the hopes raised among the populace by Mendès, they had to make some pretence of carrying on economic reform.

Actually, they showed this in rejecting the first new candidate for the premiership, Antoine Pinay. Pinay gained a considerable popularity during the longest "run" of any cabinet since the war by hanging tight to the franc — and doing precious little else. But it was realized afterwards that in checking inflation he had brought on a deflation which held back business all through 1953. It was under the management of Edgar Faure—a much more moderate reformer than Mendès, but a reformer nevertheless—as Finance Minister to both Laniel and Mendès-France, that the substantial recovery of 1954 took place.

So, without having any pipe-line into the councils of the party leaders in Paris, it has seemed to me since the present crisis started that Edgar Faure would be

International

EDGAR FAURE: His mixture suits the Assembly better.

kept on, as Finance Minister if not as Premier, to provide at least "Mendès and water".

Mendès himself refused to play this role, when offered it by Pineau. He said that he was opposed in principle to the custom of deposed premiers entering the succeeding cabinet (feeling that this makes it too easy to change cabinets and leads to government by a kind of "club" of ex-premiers), and also he needed a couple of months rest. His special position was built up to a considerable extent by the reputation of *not* having been in and out of a number of cabinets, and there can be no doubt that he must be considering very carefully the best line to follow to ensure his own return to power in a stronger position than before.

This, it would seem, can only be as the head of a new Left coalition. He must have the Socialists in this government and not just supporting it from without, as they did last year. He probably must wait until he can overcome the animosity of the MRP, the Popular Republican Party —Catholic, progressive and European-minded — of Schuman, Bidault and Pflimlin. Normally, the MRP could be expected to support economic reform; but, infuriated by the way in which Mendès knocked down their painstakingly-constructed European Defence Community, and by his crude appeal to nationalism, they backed into an unyielding and unforgiving opposition. However, with time to think things over, they are bound to consider the threat to their electoral position in refusing to join in the new leftward swing for which the country seems ready.

The MRP gave proof of this by its whole-hearted support of the ministry which the Socialist Pineau tried to form, and by its willingness to set aside for the time being the old argument with the anti-clerical Socialists and Radicals over state support for Catholic schools. Though this venture failed, it was a significant one. The Socialists, five years out of the government and eight years out of the premiership, showed their readiness to resume a more responsible role; and the MRP, after having been teamed with parties of the Centre and Right ever since the election of 1951, returned to the Left, where its social aspirations lie.

To make up the "new Left" which it seems a new election must produce in France also requires the Radical Socialists —the party of Mendès-France, and also of Mayer, who brought him down, and of much of the *immobilisme* which Mendès fought. To say this is to admit that the "new Left" cannot be formed from the present Assembly. Mendès has alienated the MRP by the brutality with which he smashed its four years of work to build EDC and avert the recreation of a German national army. And he has roused too much opposition among his own Radical colleagues and among the Gaullists by his assault on lobbies, subsidies and protectionism, and his reforms for North Africa.

It is Mendès's achievement that the "new Left" is in sight in France, that people now believe reform is possible and that it will not be necessary to use the battering-ram of the Communists to smash the fortresses of privilege and reaction. But this "new Left" can only be formed, as Mendès told me in an interview before he came to power, by "exploding" the parties. A start has been made at this, as one can see in the break-aways from every party in support of Mendès; but it will take an election to finish it. Such a vote is still two years away, by the normal processes, and France does not like dissolution. But can she wait?

Letter from London

New Joy For Spring: The "Apron Line"

By Cyril Butcher

ASK "KEEP OFF THE WEATHER and TV when you write the next London Letter. I've worked both those subjects to death lately—everybody will be sick of reading about them."

That was Beverley Nichols's final injunction to me when I saw him off at Waterloo Station. He was off on a trip which—as he told you last time—will take him to Jamaica, the States, and finally Canada. At Montego Bay he was to be the guest of Edward Molyneux, a mutual friend of ours who for many years reigned unconquered as the King of Fashion, with large dressmaking establishments in Paris and London.

Although Edward found it necessary, for health reasons, to retire some time ago, the name Molyneux still stands for the quintessence of perfect line, cut and sheer good taste. Now he is able to devote his creative talent to his hobby, which is painting. He is very modest about his accomplishments in this direction, and calls himself "merely a Sunday painter". But that is being unjust to himself, for he is steadily building up a new reputation as an artist who must be taken most seriously.

Miller

NORMAN HARTNELL with Dolores, his star model: A mood for every costume.

Keep off the weather and TV? Well, I am delighted to avoid the subject of television, because I promise you the recent BBC programs, with one or two isolated exceptions, have been inexpressibly dreary. As a professional critic in this medium, you can imagine how miserably my evenings are spent, watching this parade of undiluted mediocrity.

But the weather is quite a different cup of tea. I don't see how one can write about London and keep off the weather; for it is part of London. When Beverley took the boat train, the weather was intruding itself in the shape of freezing gusts and icy drops of water falling from the roof.

London's terminal stations are monuments to the fiendish ingenuity of man for inventing tortures for his fellow creatures. Ostensibly the public is shielded from the elements by tents of soot-blackened glass, but by some miracle of construction every wind that blows and every rain that pours seems to be able to make itself acutely felt.

On this occasion there had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, followed by a brisk thaw at dawn. Needless to say, the life of the country was practically at a standstill.

It must be a matter of no small hilarity to Canadians to see a supposedly efficient country like England thrown into chaos by something like three inches of snow. But though this sort of thing happens at least once a year, snow does not seem to be officially recognized, and snowploughs are the exception rather than the rule among civic equipment. Any suggestion that more should be provided is apt to produce a lengthy argument, so that before the debaters know where they are, it is summer and the discussion becomes pointless. Of course there is another winter to come, but to the British mind that is an eventuality to be considered much later.

But in one world it is already spring—and a very attractive spring it is too. I refer to the world of *haute couture*, the realm of the Top Twelve, as our leading dressmakers call themselves. Recently they have all been displaying their Spring Collections, and two of them invited me to their shows: Norman Hartnell and Digby Morton.

The moment you enter the Hartnell *salon* in Bruton Street, you sense an atmosphere of well-bred plushiness. The basic decor is carried out in "Hartnell grey" (grey with just a touch of green); there are lovely chandeliers and panels

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of carefully angled mirrors. In the centre of one of them is the royal coat of arms with the envied words "By Appointment" underneath it.

Being a mere male, I was squashed into a far corner, while the best coigns of vantage were firmly occupied by battalions of women fashion correspondents, all armed with pencil, notebook and gimlet eyes for every detail of the dresses that were being shown. I felt so sorry for the lovely, graceful models who had to run this quizzing gauntlet. No doubt they are used to it, but under their studiedly impassive faces I detected a certain unease. Only Dolores, Hartnell's star model, who has been with him for eighteen

Miller

MARGOT FONTEYN: No fuss.

years, seemed to be completely at ease and not giving a hang for anybody. She has raised modelling to a real art. She carries herself superbly and her mood changes with each dress she portrays: haughty in an evening gown, brittle in a cocktail dress and gay in a cotton frock.

In Digby Morton's establishment I found an altogether crisper atmosphere. There were mirrors, of course, the walls covered in a modern black and white tartan paper and masses of beautiful flowers, arranged by that great artist, Constance Spry.

This year Morton has gone for the lower waist line and the "slim, moulded silhouette" and he has knocked everybody cold with his "Apron Line". Now if there is anything which can be relied upon to make the average British woman hysterical with joy, it is an apron dress. I can only think it is because it reminds her of the old hockey-playing days at school. And of course there is the touch of the casual about it which suits them so well. In fact no one can wear casual clothes so well as they. When they try to go all formal, they are apt to look like animated Christmas trees.

I saw some efforts in this direction the

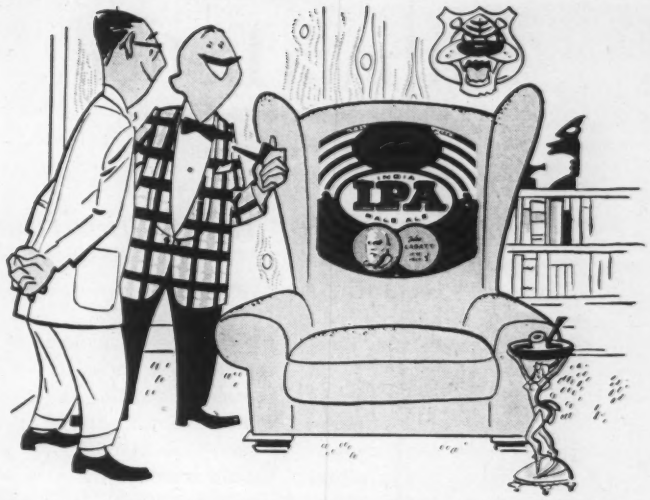
other night, when I went to Covent Garden for the first night of *The Midsummer Marriage*, the opera by Michael Tippett which has rent the musical world with furious controversy. But give the women their due, they did at least take the trouble to dress up—which is more than can be said for many men I saw there. Once upon a time you were not admitted to the more expensive parts of the Royal Opera House unless you were in evening dress, and most men put on tails. Nowadays they wear tuxedos in the main, but one is apt to see ordinary suits and even flannels with tweed jackets. I'm not a snob, but I do think when you go to a lovely theatre on a big occasion it is worth putting on evening clothes.

The opera itself was quite amazing. I have met Michael Tippett only once in my life—and that was quite a few years ago. The meeting was not a success; in fact we cordially disapproved of each other from the start. So it is a pleasure to record that I was absolutely thrilled by his music. The "book", also written by him, was a different matter. For a start the diction of the singers was so bad that one only caught an occasional word, and anyway, the story was so wrapped in personal symbolism that it made no sense to anybody except the author. It was interesting that one of the chief parts was a non-singing one and this was very ably danced by Pirmin Trecu, a young dancer whom many of you may remember from the visit to Canada of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. He has made great strides in the past year, and has now been promoted to the parent company.

You will also have fond memories of exquisite Margot Fonteyn, who has married Dr. Robert Arias. Dear me, it does not seem so long ago that I first saw her, a black-haired, dark and serious-eyed girl of seventeen, standing out a mile from her fellow dancers in the *corps de ballet* in *Casse-Noisette*.

Now that little girl has become the greatest ballerina of our time, but has never lost her completely unaffected charm. I was in the wings, one evening, as she came off-stage after a particularly exacting *pas seul* in *Sleeping Beauty*. There was no fuss—no posse of stage-managers and dressers to make sure she was not fainting with exhaustion. Margot just came off her points, relaxed and then, seeing me, smiled and said "hallo". A moment later she was on again, *bourrée-ing* across the stage as if she was being wafted by a gentle breeze.

Soon Margot may become Her Excellency. For Dr. Arias has been named as the future Panamanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. When that happens I know she will shine on the diplomatic stage with the same grace and integrity as she has on those of the great theatres of the world.



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Ottawa Letter

A New Target for the Opposition

By John A. Stevenson

THE RE-APPEARANCE of the two chief stars in the political firmament at Ottawa can hardly fail to brighten the proceedings of the House of Commons, which had become very dull, and the unanimous ovation, reinforced by felicitous words of welcome from the Prime Minister and Mr. Coldwell and Mr. Hansell, which was accorded to Mr. Drew when he resumed his place, showed a fine regard for the amenities of public life, which moved Mr. Drew to voice his grateful appreciation. He looks the picture of health, but, as a precaution against any setback he will delegate some of the normal duties of his leadership, such as the chairmanship of his party's caucus, to lieutenants like Mr. Rowe.

The Prime Minister's statement about the results of the recent conference in London of Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth added little to the knowledge gleaned from the bald official communiqué issued at its close and the *Ottawa Journal*, no friend of the Government, quite justifiably took the Opposition to task for not insisting that certain vague statements made by the Prime Minister should be clarified.

A long debate on the estimates for immigration was flavored with the bitter spice of partisan controversy. It is a favorite habit of oppositions to single out some unfortunate Minister as a special target for persistent attack throughout a whole session. In the previous Parliament, Mr. Claxton, as Minister of National Defence, was the selected target and for session after session he had to submit to the gruelling ordeal of being baited and harassed for days on end. Apparently Mr. Pickersgill as Minister of Citizenship and Immigration has now replaced Mr. Claxton as the *bête noire* of the Opposition and he is proving himself a much easier mark than the latter, who always remained cool under fire and was exceedingly resourceful in combating the charges and arguments of his critics.

The attack on Mr. Pickersgill and his department was begun by E. Davie Fulton (PC, Kamloops). The gist of his indictment was that the vigorous policy which was needed to provide adequate manpower for Canada's expanding economy, was not being pursued, that there was a culpable apathy about the maintenance of a good annual inflow of British immigrants, and that officials of the department were addicted to arbitrary and reprehensible practices which had been repeatedly condemned in the courts. Mr. Fulton pointed out that in a time of prosperity Canada, although much nearer to Britain than Australia, was nowadays getting fewer British immigrants. The details he gave about the shrinkage of their number were enlarged later in effective fashion by Colonel Gordon Churchill (PC, Winnipeg South Centre), whose gloomy picture of the change in the racial composition of Canada's population in recent years disclosed that the ethnic balance is being heavily tilted against the British stock.

CP

E. D. FULTON: Indictment.

In the first census taken after Confederation, in 1871, people of British origin constituted 60.55 per cent of Canada's total population, but the last census held in 1951 revealed that they had become a minority, with their percentage reduced to 47.89. Moreover, while the French percentage showed in these 80 years a slight decline from 31.07 to 30.83, the percentage of other racial groups had risen sharply from 8.38 in 1871 to 21.28 in 1951.

Mr. Fulton's indictment of the Department received vigorous support from political associates like J. G. Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) and J. B. Hamilton (PC, York West), from members of the CCF such as Colin Cameron (Nanaimo) and J. W. Noseworthy (York South) and Social Crediters like F. D. Shaw (Red Deer). Among them they mustered abundant evidence of special cases to prove that the officials of the department habitually are a law unto themselves in their interpretations, that they refused to communicate the reason for orders for rejection or deportation to their victims, and that their actions had often been denounced by judges as violations of the law and contrary to reason and the principles of fair play.

As recently as last January Chief Justice Farris of British Columbia had declared that "immigration officials are fooling the public" and "the department is circumventing the law". Mr. Justice Stewart of Ontario had branded a decision of the Department about a Czech immigrant as "utter nonsense".

The Opposition also made much of a report of the Canadian Bar Association's committee on civil liberties, which had passed severe strictures upon certain practices of the Department and recommended corrective measures. It had been signed by two Liberal politicians, J. H. Dickey, one of the members for Halifax, and J. H. Macdonald of Ottawa who had run unsuccessfully against Mr. Drew in 1953. Mr. Dickey was obviously in a state of great mental anguish over being revealed as a critic of some of his own chieftains and he tried to secure exculpation from this terrible crime by avowing that he had not read the document which he had signed and that Mr. Diefenbaker had been guilty of a flagrant misrepresentation of his position. When Mr. Pickersgill came to his rescue on a point of privilege, there ensued a long wrangle between the Minister, Mr. Dickey and Mr. Diefenbaker, which the Speaker, after sustaining Mr. Diefenbaker, suppressed with a firm hand.

The case for the defence of his department advanced by Mr. Pickersgill was that, while he did not claim a clean sheet for it, the mistakes and irregularities charged against it had been grossly exaggerated and that surely it deserved some credit for its contribution to the increase of 25 per cent in Canada's population which had occurred since a new policy about immigration was inaugurated in 1947.

As for the alleged neglect of British immigration, he claimed that he had more officials stationed there than in any other country, that their formalities were fewer and their procedures speedier than elsewhere and that what he called their "promotional campaigns" had been very successful. He argued that in the admission of immigrants, cognizance must be taken of Canada's capacity to absorb them in her labor market. He managed to mobilize the full available strength of the Liberal party to defeat, 111 to 62, a motion of censure moved by Mr. Fulton.

Television

The Personality Kids

By Hugh Garner

ALTHOUGH television as a form of entertainment is still wearing diapers, it has already shown traits that threaten to make it the biggest brat on the block, unless it is curbed by the application of a critical hair-brush. We are speaking of those perennial glad-handers, the Masters of Ceremonies, otherwise known as "Television Personalities", for lack of a printable but pithier term.

It was announced recently that next season "Toast of the Town" will be called "The Ed Sullivan Show", a move that threatens to further enshrine the most bumbling master-of-ceremonies since John Logie Baird gave his first television demonstration in April, 1925. He is still the most inept announcer and reader of cues in the business. When we mentioned this to a friend the other day, he said, "Do you know why Sullivan is so popular? He's a refreshing change from the usual run of letter-perfect announcers and masters-of-ceremonies. He makes flubs and goofs, but they serve to point up his humanness, in contrast to the other types of MCs."

The type of television personality my friend had in mind was the one who comes into camera range rubbing his hands together, wearing a pasted-on smile, and bubbling over with a mixture of Billy Grahamish verve and Dr. I.Q. wit. His patter is as stylized as a medicine show faker's, his love for all humanity is as phoney as a Russian commissar's, and he has now acquired the distressing habit of placing his hand to his mouth and letting his whole audience in on confidences.

Twenty years ago this same character could be found only at house parties, wiener roasts, and monthly meetings of young people's associations. He was parodied in song and story, beaten up for wearing the houseowner's lamp shades, waylaid for breaking up lovers' trysts at corn-roasts, and told to pipe down so we could see the lantern slides of the missionary's trip up the Zambesi.

He disappeared for a while during the depression and the golden years of radio, but he has bounced back as loud and buoyant as ever, and as indestructible as a DDT-immune housefly. Television saved him from oblivion, and sentenced the rest of us to hours of fingernail-chewing frustration, as we weigh the price of a TV set against the urge to put the boots to the picture tube.

One man's Godfrey is another man's Ralph Edwards, as they used to say, and everyone with a television set is not expected to hate the same MCs. If we did, they would all be back selling snake oil or conning some citizen into buying a tidewater lot. However, there is enough of them to go round, and you pick your own pet hates.

My favorite victims for financial ruin and chronic laryngitis are Bert Parks and Ralph Edwards. Parks runs a program called "Stop the Music", in which studio contestants try to guess the names of songs, for sums ranging up to $400. Then three switchboard operators call people on the telephone from all over the United States, and they, too, try to guess the names of the songs. Bert Parks is a real cut-up with the distaff side of his audience, and his stock-in-trade is a pair of mobile eyebrows. Ralph Edwards, my other nominee for assassination, handles a program every week called "This Is your Life", in which chosen members of the citizenry are confronted with their pasts, including friends and neighbors they haven't seen in forty years. Edwards belongs to the oil and saccharine school, and his unctuous promptings to his victims can turn the strongest stomach.

Other practitioners of the bounce and the flounce, who look as if they live on a diet of Wheaties and benzedrine, are Gary Moore, Ted Mack, Win Elliot, Art Linkletter, and Warren Hull. Their programs range from maudlin to monstrous.

Jack Bailey, the quizmaster and cut-up on "Truth or Consequences", pleases his audience, including me, even while subjecting his human guinea-pigs to the most undignified capers ever perpetrated upon a contestant. He is a past master of self-inflicted enthusiasm, which he succeeds in passing on to his audience. I get a kick out of seeing a vanload of useless junk dumped on somebody's lawn, or watching a housewife unwittingly accept the attentions of a stranger, whom she believes to be her husband. The rough edges of his practical jokes are burred by Bailey's good humor and the fun he himself seems to get out of the program.

The type of program listed above has raised the life-of-the-party boob to a spot where he is now the ultra-supersonic all-American jerk. Some of them can get away with it, while others embarrass their viewers, or cause them to wrench the dials from their TV set. Dave Garroway and Steve Allen prove that neither false enthusiasm nor unctuousness is necessary in the job of running a television program. Newcomers to the game can learn a lot from them, and also from old campaigners like Arthur Godfrey and Don McNeill. And then, of course, there are John Daly on "What's My Line?" and Ed Sullivan on "Toast of the Town". I don't like either one of them, but I'd better quit while I'm winning.

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Books

The Delights of Despair

By Robertson Davies

WHEN SIR WALTER Scott wrote historical novels he put his story in a bygone time in order that he might be free to cram the plot with lively incident, and also to make use of the stage-properties of an age more romantic than his own. We still expect a well-thickened plot and plenty of "period" atmosphere, but we ask for something more: we demand a dash of philosophy—some comment on the nature of man—and the historical novel which lacks it will not fare well with most of the critics. And because Despair is the fashionable philosophic pose of our day we are getting quite a number of historical novels in which Despair is used with greater or less skill. Let us look at a handful of historical novels, some of which are heavy with fashionable Despair.

We may be sure that any book by Simone de Beauvoir will thump the Existentialist drum, and to me Existentialism seems to be nothing more than Despair worked up into a rickety philosophy. *All Men Are Mortal* is a novel from her hand which gives us Despair in large gulps. It tells of the love affair of a meanly ambitious actress named Regina with a mysterious man named Count Fosca; his mystery is that he was born in 1279, drank a potion which made him immortal, and does not like immortality. He tells the story of his life to Regina at great length, and indeed he seems to have had a dull time of it, but it is his own fault. In a life of over six hundred years Fosca ought to have discovered that there is more than one kind of happiness, and that fulfilling one's most ordinary desires does not necessarily exhaust the treasure-house of experience. But this dull fellow drives Regina off her head because he makes her realize that she is merely mortal, which seems to her to be a dreadful fate; he leaves her to continue his career of boredom.

If you do not respond well to the central idea of this book, as I certainly do not, you will not like it as an historical novel, for the story is the dowdy handmaid of the philosophy. It is remarkable that so clever a woman as the author of *The Second Sex* could have written such a flat piece of work.

Incomparably better, but still rather damping to the spirits, is *The Cornerstone* by Zoe Oldenbourg. Its theme is faith, and death and destruction, in France in the 13th century. It is clear that the author admires the Middle Ages, and thinks that people were very close to God then, despite their superstition and the shocking mental and physical servitude in which most of them lived. The book gives us liberal and skilful doses of the "period" atmosphere; clothing and backgrounds are lovingly described, and vivid writing makes the succession of beheadings, hangings, beatings, pitchforkings, blindings, murders and deaths from exposure so painful that the reader winces and shivers in his comfortable chair. We ache for the unfortunate Haguenier, whose mistress

Elliott Erwitt

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: A flat work.

urges him on from one dangerous and silly feat to another, in order that he may prove his devotion to her; we breathe again when he finds asylum at last in a monastery, where spiritual peace comes with hard work and prayer. It is all repulsive, but irresistible; we are almost—but not quite—persuaded that these people are really seeking God in their own violent, horrible fashion.

To read this book is an experience, rather than a pleasure. But it seems to me that the characters who do turn to God do so in despair at the horror of human life. This is certainly a reason for seeking grace, but happily it is not the only one.

It is the pursuit of God which is also the theme of *The Unhurrying Chase* by H. F. M. Prescott. Once again we are in France, this time in the 12th century. The hero, Yves, has lost his lands to the man we know as Richard the Lion Heart, and hatred for Richard is the apparent mainspring of his spirit; but when at last he has a chance to recover his estates, he discovers that it was not hatred for Richard, but his sullen flight from God which was troubling him, and we see that this is a book of spiritual adventure. It is a very good book, handled as the author of *The Man on a Donkey* would handle such a theme. But my heart yearned toward Sir Walter, whose landless men were not so tortured.

And thus it was with satisfaction that I turned to Alexander Baron's *The Golden Princess*, which is about Cortes's conquest of Mexico, and the Aztec girl Marina, who became his mistress and a savior both of her own people and the Spaniards. The story is bloody enough, but it is Romance, rather than Despair, which keeps it going, and the artistic control which the author maintains over his material produces an effect of completeness and tautness which is very pleasing. It does not lacerate, as does *The Cornerstone*, and the pinch of philosophy in it is small, and so like common sense that you may not notice that it is philosophy at all; but it is a very good novel.

There are finer historical novelists living, however, than any of these. There is Robert Graves, whose *Wife to Mr. Milton*, though one of his lesser works, is a better book to my mind than any named above. And there is Lion Feutchwanger, whose *The Ugly Duchess* gives an incomparable picture of the brutality and political complexity of the Middle Ages, as well as a superb study of character, and a degree of philosophical reflection on the nature of mankind which puts Mme de Beauvoir in the dunce class. *The Ugly Duchess* makes us shudder and makes us gape as *The Cornerstone* cannot do; and it does more than that—it makes us quiver to that most difficult of literary effects, the hint of magic. When, in that novel, the gnomes of the Tyrol are first heard leaving the country, and when, as the Duchess makes her last defeated journey to Italy, they stand at the roadside to bid her God-speed, we are thrilled as only a master-novelist—a poet of the novel—can thrill us. I do not want to be one of those tiresome critics who say, "Every time a new book comes out I read an old one", but I do commend *The Ugly Duchess* to you as an example of what a master can do in the historical novel.

I have kept the best of today's lot to the last, and I hope I have space enough to praise it adequately. It is *The Flint Anchor* by Sylvia Townsend Warner. I do not know why this author is not more widely recognized as the fine artist she so unquestionably is. To me she is better than Ivy Compton-Burnett as an anatomist of domestic life; she is one of the truly com-

ic writers of our day; she is an ironist of the finest quality. But her work is somewhat low-keyed, and as nobody in her books is ever raped by her brother in a chapel, or unmanned by his mistress with an oyster knife, and as she regards Despair as a comic aberration rather than as a way of life, there is a tendency to overlook her.

But in the realm of the spirit, what uproarious enormities she commits upon her characters! In *The Flint Anchor* she anatomizes a Victorian papa who, with the best intentions and from the highest motives, spreads misery and frustration and spiritual blight all round him. He is not wicked, nor tyrannous in any positive sense; he is simply good and high-principled, and lost in a world which he does not understand. This is a masterly study, full of delights for the slow, ruminative reader; I laughed myself into stitches over it. Yet it is not a "funny" book; it is a calm, compassionate, but utterly clear-eyed book by a writer who will not yield an inch to farce, or to sentimentality, or even to such a fashionable emotion as Despair. It is an adult's book for adults. You cannot say that about many historical novels.

ALL MEN ARE MORTAL—by Simone de Beauvoir—pp. 345—*Nelson, Foster & Scott*—$5.95.

THE CORNERSTONE—by Zoe Oldenbourg—pp. 482—*McClelland & Stewart*—$5.00.

THE UNHURRYING CHASE—by H. F. M. Prescott—pp. 287—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.50.

THE GOLDEN PRINCESS—by Alexander Baron—pp. 395—*Clarke Irwin*—$3.00.

THE FLINT ANCHOR—by Sylvia Townsend Warner—pp. 287—*Clarke Irwin*—$2.50.

•

Eucalyptus Trees, Israel

The little trees are planted one by one,
Each a green shadow in the parching sun;
Cover enough to hide a soldier's gun.

The slender trees are leaning two by two,
Tracing the path of the returning Jew;
Halting where barbed wire twists the road
in two.

Out in the waste the trees go eagerly,
A heart of living ground held by each
tree;
This tall grass might a moment's shelter
be.

Whipped by the wind and heavy in the
heat,
The trees bend backward, but will not
retreat,
Hearing at night the hiss of alien feet.

The new leaves cling to the air, roots to
the land;
Lovely and reaching for life the young
trees stand,
Accepting the rain from the sky, the blood
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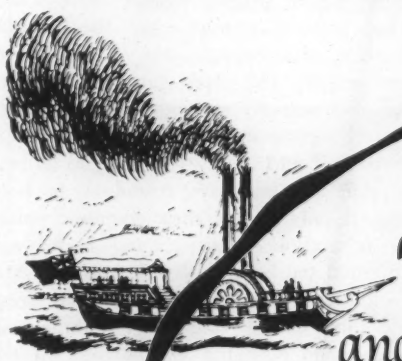

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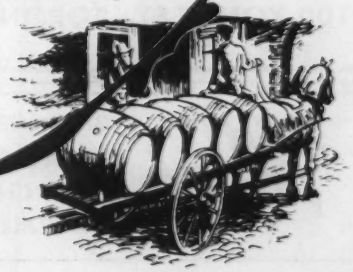

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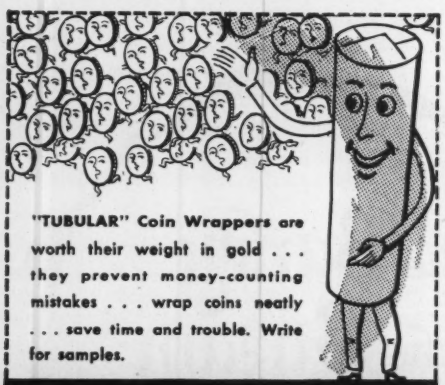

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J. Arthur Rank

THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM: Into the escape dinghy.

Films

Four Men On a Raft

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THE EVERLASTING CHARM, as well as the persistent annoyance of the movies lies in their trick of convincing you where you can't possibly believe. To paraphrase Pascal, the retina has its reasons which reason doesn't understand. The pattern unfolds on the screen, familiar and recognizable, so that you can usually call each turn of the plot before it actually emerges. But even when you recognize clearly that the pattern is in control and reality is getting in as best it can, the narrative continues to hold you, if only by the sheer hypnotic power of reiteration. Courage and honor will triumph, the beast will turn into a prince, Goldilocks will inevitably escape from the three bears. We expect nothing less, and would probably be indignant if our confidence were betrayed. Reason and a sense of reality may nag persistently in the background, but they haven't a chance against the literal image on the screen.

There is, for instance, *The Sea Shall Not Have Them,* a British picture which describes a North Sea rescue in the autumn of 1944. An Air Commodore (Michael Redgrave), who is carrying in his briefcase important documents having to do with the V-2 flying-bomb, is shot down in the sea by a German fighter. The radio operator manages to get a message through just before the crash, the shuttle of rescue begins, and the camera swings like a searchlight, cross-cutting endlessly between the baffled rescuers and the four huddled men in the little rubber raft.

They will survive, of course. The whole movement of the plot makes it inevitable, even if the title didn't guarantee it. But in the meantime, every element of tension must be scrupulously exploited. A cruising seaplane will discover a raft in the water below, but it won't be the right raft; it will be, inevitably, the raft in which the German fighter is waiting rescue. An inept fitter on the air-sea launch 7525 will foul the engine, as he was bound to do, and rescue will be delayed, not forever but for as long as possibe. Back in the Suffolk control room the Group Captain will pace the floor muttering that if the weather doesn't worsen the men in the rubber dinghy can still be saved. But the weather will continue to worsen, and the men in the dinghy will survive just the same, and so will you, sitting in foolish excitement on the edge of your seat, shivering in the long drenching roll of the North Sea.

The picture is as authentic as possible. It was filmed with the co-operation of the Admiralty and photographed at Felixstowe, Suffolk, the wartime locale of the Air-Sea Rescue. Men were, in fact, rescued from sea and air under split-second chances of survival—13,269 of them to be exact. Only you know that none of the 13,269 was rescued in just that particular way. There was no expert hand at work to loosen and tighten the tension, to fit every jagged personality precisely into its place in the picture, to build, delay and deftly rebuild to the final crescendo. The hand here is quite visibly at work and anyone can see that the film depends less on its heroic material than on the director's ability to induce a

trance-state of acceptance in the audience. This doesn't make any difference. The trance-state envelops you just the same and persists till the last haggard survivor is trundled safely down the home wharf.

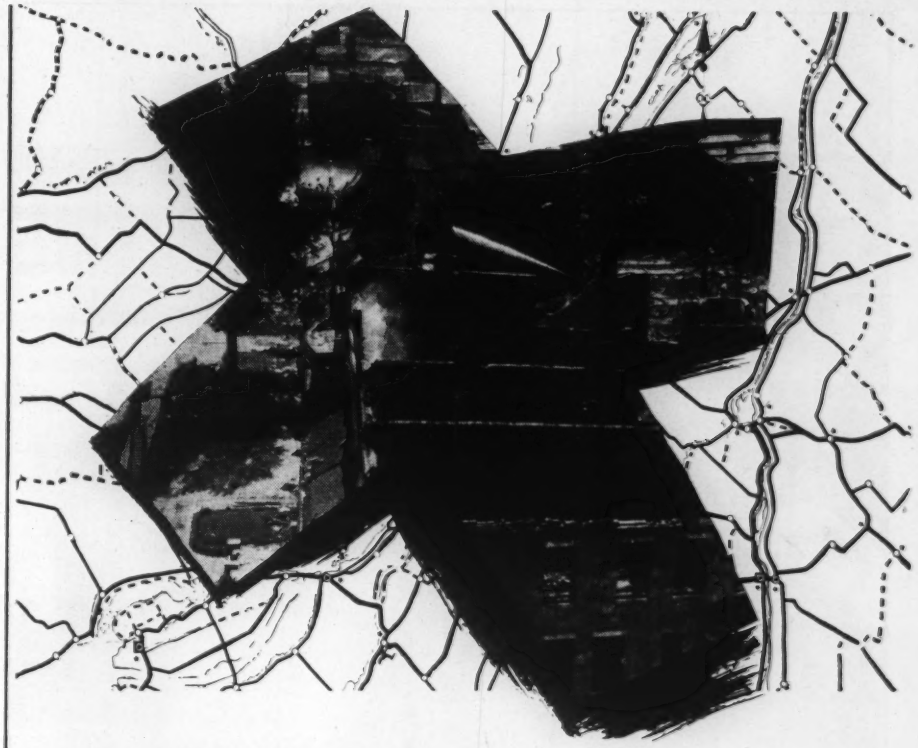
The cast includes, in addition to Michael Redgrave, Bonar Colleano, Dirk Bogarde, Anthony Steel and Nigel Patrick, along with a dozen lesser names. Considering the awful weather conditions, they all did extremely well merely to survive exposure.

King of Broadway (originally titled *Prince of Players*) attempts to combine a Shakespearean recital with the film biography of the Booths. It's a prodigious Technicolored CinemaScope affair, clearly meant for the improvement as well as the enjoyment of the audience, but it leaves one rather confused about the producer's main intention. Is it William Shakespeare or the Booth family that is being so resolutely crammed down our throats? And which element, the Bard or the Booths, is supposed to represent the jam that goes round the pill?

At any rate, Shakespeare was certainly jam to the Booth family. Apparently it was impossible for a Booth to say "That was a good cup of coffee", without making the pronouncement sound, in depth and locution, like a quotation from one of the historical dramas. Father Booth is particularly grandiloquent, and what with the drinking and the madness and the inescapable iambic pentameter, it wasn't much wonder that John Wilkes Booth turned out the way he did.

Raymond Massey, a magnificently boozy figure here, plays Junius Brutus Booth, Richard Burton is Edwin, and John Derek the ominous John Wilkes Booth. Difficult as it is to overplay the tragedy of the Booth family, the cast assembled here seems to have turned the trick.

The Violent Men is a particularly rough Western, starring Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck, Glenn Ford and a mob of screen desperadoes, every last one of them with a gun to hire. Most of the violent men are employed by a snarling cripple (Ed. G. Robinson), who has plans for taking over the property of his neighbor (Glenn Ford), an ex-officer of the Civil War. But the ex-officer has picked up a number of cavalry tricks in his army career and soon all the violent men are moiling about in a pocket Civil War. The cripple, meanwhile, is being egged on by his wife (Barbara Stanwyck) who is probably the most egregious matron to figure on the screen since Regina of *The Little Foxes*. It struck me as peculiar when the hero finally walked off with the girl, after killing most of her father's ranch staff and shooting her uncle dead in her front yard. But maybe I'm being over-fastidious.



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The author of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* gave express instructions that this highly subjective account of his life in the R.A.F., then a fledgling service, should not be published until 1950. Other cautionary factors have delayed its publication until now. May we suggest that you place your order at once with your bookseller.

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Miller

END OF ILLUSION: Stalin and von Ribbentrop (left) laughed as Molotov signed the treaty that linked Communists and Nazis in 1939.

The Invisible Writing: Journey's End

By ARTHUR KOESTLER: PART VII

THE STORY of my final break with the Communist Party is a story of last-minute hesitations and confusions, which I find difficult to get into focus.

In the beginning of 1938, after my return from Palestine, I made a four weeks' lecture tour through England for the Left Book Club which at the time was at the peak of its popularity.

The Club's monthly "choices" were selected by a three-man jury: Victor Gollancz, Harold Laski and John Strachey.

The lectures were on the political and military situation in Spain. About my personal experiences I did not speak—the hours by the window were not a proper subject for the Left Book Club. Questions were asked, but there was rarely any proper discussion.

At almost every meeting there was for me one critical moment. It came when somebody in the audience asked a question about the POUM.

The *Partido Obrero Unificado Marxista* was a small Leftist splinter group which, in the tradition of such dissident sects, called itself grandiosely the *united* Marxist workers' party. Because of its Trotskyist leanings, the POUM was at the time treated by the Communists as enemy number one, and its members were fair prey for the GPU in Spain. It had been made the scapegoat for the anarchist rising in Barcelona. Its leader, Andres Nin, formerly Minister of Justice in the Caballero government, had been denounced as an agent of Franco and arrested, together with a group of his associates. Nin had once been a leading member of the Comintern, but had sided with Trotsky.

At the time of the lecture-tour, Nin and his comrades were already in prison, but had not yet been assassinated. The men of the POUM had fought with great bravery and self-sacrifice at the front in Aragon (George Orwell had been wounded while serving as a volunteer in their ranks), and there was no doubt in my mind that the accusations against them were absurd and perfidious. But for a Party member to say this in public meant expulsion, with the inevitable sequel of being himself denounced as a Trotskyist agent of Franco or the Gestapo. That is why questions referring to POUM put me in a critical position.

The first time it was asked, the question took me unawares. It had not occurred to me that it would be asked; among Germans or French Communists this would have been unthinkable. For a moment, my mind was a blank. The correct line to be applied to this and similar cases was that any fraction or group that caused a split in revolutionary unity played into the enemy's hands, and that accordingly Nin (or Trotsky, or Zinoviev, or Radek, as the case may be) must *objectively* be regarded as an agent of Franco (or Hitler, or the British Intelligence Service), whereas the *subjective* motives of his actions were historically irrelevant. This answer was part of the catechism for the advanced classes, and I had used it *ad nauseam* in arguments with others and myself. But at that moment my mind remained a blank, and the familiar answer just did not occur to me. Then, without conscious reflection, I took a plunge and said what I really thought. I said that I disagreed with the policy of the POUM for a number of reasons which I would be glad to explain, but that in my opinion Andres Nin and his comrades had been acting in good faith, and to call them traitors was both stupid and a desecration of their dead. I was listening to my own voice with curiosity, as if it had been a stranger's.

It was the same at the other twenty or more meetings.

To my great surprise, there were no consequences for me. Even among the lotus-eaters of the British C.P. there must have been some who wrote reports to higher quarters; yet I was not called to account.

I felt both disappointed and relieved. I lived through my last months as a member of the Party like a person who knows that there is a painful and critical operation waiting for him which is being postponed from week to week.

The end came as another anti-climax.

Some time during that spring of 1938, I had to give a talk on Spain to the Association of Exiled German Writers' in Paris. Before the talk, a representative of the Party asked me to insert a passage denouncing the POUM as agents of Franco. I refused. He shrugged, and asked politely whether I would care to show him the text of my speech and to discuss it "informally"; I refused.

It was my first public appearance in Paris since I had returned from Spain, and I felt that it would be my last as a

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
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member of the Party. I had no intention of attacking the Party while the Spanish War was still being fought, and the idea of attacking Russia in public still carried the horror of blasphemy. On the other hand, I felt the need to define where I stood, and not to remain a passive accomplice of my friends' executioners.

I went home alone. While I was waiting for the train in the métro station at St. Germain des Prés, a group of my comrades who had attended the meeting came down the staircase. They walked past to the other end of the platform without a glance, as if I were the invisible man.

A few days later, on an evening that I was spending alone at home, it suddenly occurred to me that I might just as well end the agony of waiting, take the initiative and resign from the Party. Although I had been on my way out for a long time, this resolution did not appear to me as a logical consequence of the situation, but as an entirely novel and reckless idea. A Communist expelled from the Party is regarded by his comrades as a fallen member of the family; one who leaves in voluntary defiance puts himself outside the human pale.

I worked on my letter of resignation all night. It was, I believe, a good letter, and I am sorry I have no copy of it. And yet that letter, too, was an anti-climax; I still did not have the courage to go more than half the way. It was a farewell to the German C.P., the Comintern, and the Stalin regime. But it ended with a declaration of loyalty to the Soviet Union.

I clung tenaciously to this belief for another year and a half, until the Hitler-Stalin pact destroyed this last shred of the torn illusion.

The belief that the Soviet regime, in spite of its admittedly repulsive traits, is nevertheless the only basically progressive country and the great social experiment of our time, is a particularly elastic and comforting one. It permits one to shrug off reality with an all-embracing reference to "temporary expedients" and "emergency measures".

Every period has its dominant religion and hope, and "Socialism" in a vague and undefined sense was the hope of the early twentieth century. So much so that German "National-Socialists", French "Radical-Socialists", Italian "Christian-Socialists" all felt the need to include the fetish-word into their names. In the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics this hope seemed to have found its incarnation.

If my hesitations before and immediately after the break with the Party show the tenacity of the hope-sustaining illusion, my experiences in later years reflect another aspect of the irrational forces at work. While I was a Communist, I felt surrounded by the sympathy of progressive-minded people who did not like Com-

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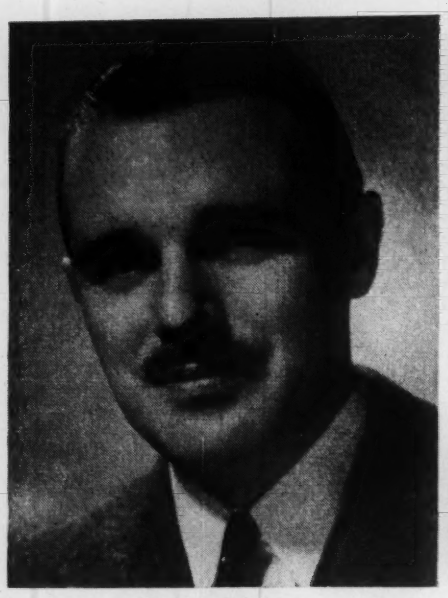
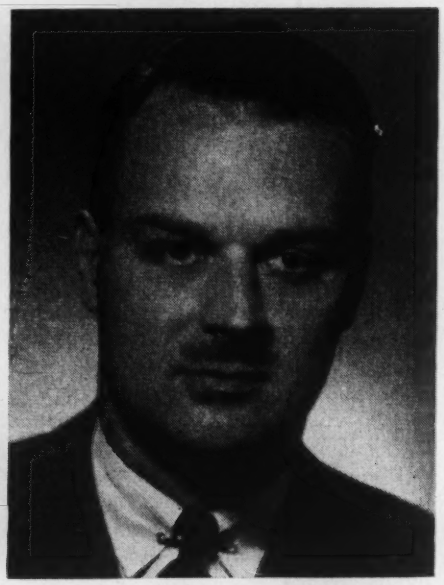
ROYAL BANK APPOINTMENTS

A. F. Mayne to occupy new post of Associate General Manager

R. W. Shannon appointed an Assistant General Manager



Mr. A. F. Mayne



Mr. R. W. Shannon

The development and growth of the Royal Bank's business in recent years have placed upon the management such heavy responsibilities that it has become necessary to provide for a more even distribution of the burden. The Directors have decided that the situation could best be met by creating the new post of Associate General Manager carrying with it responsibility for the management of the Bank's non-domestic business.

Mr. A. F. Mayne, who has been an Assistant General Manager, has now been promoted to be Associate General Manager.

Mr. R. W. Shannon, who has been a General Inspector, has been appointed an Assistant General Manager and his duties also will be concerned with the Bank's business abroad.

The selection of Mr. Mayne and Mr. Shannon for these duties is a natural one in view of their knowledge of the non-domestic business of the Bank to which their activities have been directed for a number of years.

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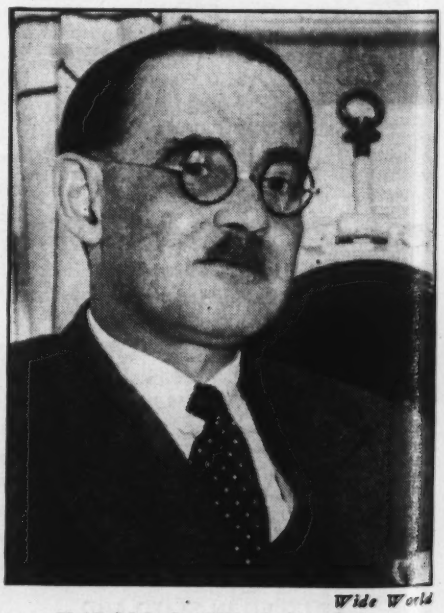
munism, but respected my convictions. After I had broken with Communism, the same class of people treated me with contempt. The abuse that came from the Party conformed to pattern; but behind the resentment of those who had never been Communists I felt a different kind of unvoiced reproach. Ex-Communists are not only tiresome Cassandras, as the anti-Nazi refugees had been; they are also fallen angels who have the bad taste to reveal that heaven is not the place it is supposed to be. The world respects the Catholic or Communist convert, but abhors the unfrocked priests of all faiths. This attitude is rationalized as a dislike of renegades. Yet the convert, too, is a renegade from his former beliefs or disbeliefs, and quite prepared to persecute those who still persist in them. He is nevertheless forgiven, for he has "*embraced*" a faith, whereas the ex-Communist or the unfrocked priest has "*lost*" a faith—and has thereby become a menace to illusion and a reminder of the abhorrent, threatening void.

A month after France declared war on Germany, on October 2, at seven-thirty in the morning, I was arrested in my Paris flat by two detectives. The next three days I spent in the company of hundreds of other suspect aliens—mostly political refugees from Germany and Spain—at Police Headquarters. During the day we were kept under guard in a large lecture-room; at night we were herded, men and women, into the coal-cellar of the Préfecture where we slept on newspapers on the coal.

We spent a week there, and were then transported by train to the camp of Le Vernet, in the foothills of the .Pyrenees. This place was officially designated as a Concentration Camp for Undesirable Aliens (habitual criminals and political suspects), as distinct from the normal in-



Wide World

HAROLD LASKI: Left's choice.

ternment camps for civilians of German nationality.

I was released from Le Vernet at the end of January, 1940, this time, again, as a result of British pressure. But the French bureaucracy, sulky and hostile to foreigners at the best of times, was already riddled with potential collaborators who detested the anti-Nazi refugees, and six months later gleefully handed them over to the Gestapo. They were obliged to let me go, but only temporarily; they discharged me from the camp, but withheld my identity card, which meant that I ceased to have a legal existence, as it were.

When the Germans were only a few miles from Paris, I was arrested once more. I managed to fool a rattled Police official, bluffed my way out of the camp, and went underground.

In August, 1940, I reached Marseille.

At the end of the month I linked up with three British officers and a staff sergeant who had escaped from German captivity and had been interned by the French. By various means we all obtained false papers, which gave as our destination Casablanca, the Moroccan port not yet under German supervision.

In Casablanca we established contact with a courteous and versatile representative of a hush-hush set-up which I like to call "the British *apparat*". With his help the five of us, plus some fifty other escapees, embarked on a 270-ton fishing boat, which in four days somehow managed to roll and toss us past the German submarines into the neutral harbour of Lisbon.

With the passive connivance of the British Consul General in Lisbon, Sir Henry King, and the active help of the correspondent of *The Times*, Walter Lucas, I managed to get without a permit on a Dutch KLM aeroplane bound for England. In Bristol, I handed to the Immigration Officer a written statement explaining my case—and was, as I had expected, promptly arrested. I spent one night at a Bristol police station, was taken under escort to London, spent two nights at Cannon Row police station, and six weeks in Pentonville prison.

I was released from Pentonville a few days before Christmas, 1940, equipped with a National Registration Card as proof that I had regained my identity, and the right to exist.

At this point ends this typical case-history of a central-European member of the educated middle classes, born in the first years of our century.

This is the last of seven excerpts from "The Invisible Writing" by Arthur Koestler. This material is reprinted by permission of the copyright owner, Mr. Koestler, and his publishers, The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, Toronto, and The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

TWO-MOVERS with the white Queen posted a Knight's move distant from the black King, presenting flights and self-blocks, are legion. They range from simple miniatures with two and even three flights, to complicated specimens introducing pinning and half-pin play, and also self-interferences.

Our No. 107 below is a light example with familiar flights and self-blocks, but the Royal battery introduced gives it a pleasing distinction. One variation might easily be overlooked.

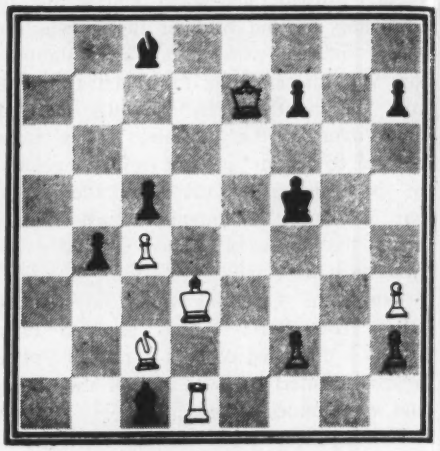
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 106

Key move 1.R-K3, threatening 2.RxKP mate, If QxKt; 2.Q-Q7 mate. If Q-Q5; 2.Q-Kt8 mate. If Q-Q3; 2.KKt-Kt6 mate. If Q-K2 or QxR; 2.P-B7 mate. If BxR; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If P-K5; 2. QxP mate.

This has three Q self-blocks and some good by-play. If B-B6; 2.KtxB mate.

PROBLEM NO. 107, BY "Centaur".

Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White mates in two.

• •

How Revolting!

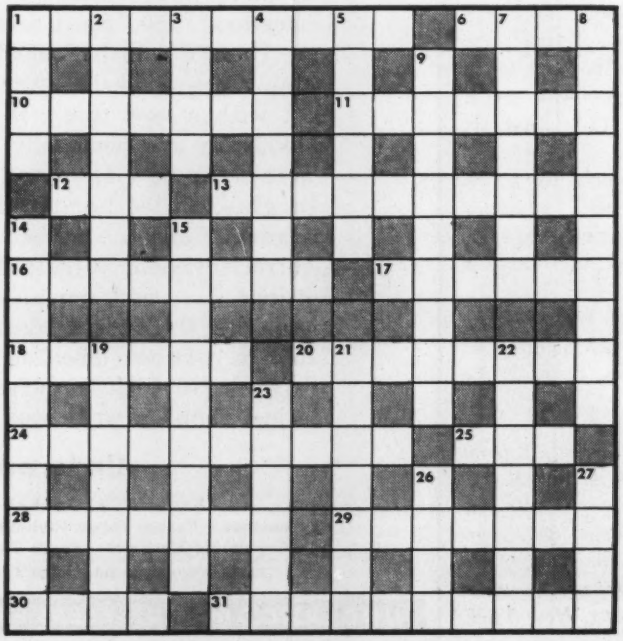
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 23.
6. Those who must, for 19 for example, won't be kept long in suspense. (4)
10. His 23, 1A was a history. (7)
11. To get here, change oil on the journey, as it were. (7)
12, 25. Had a meal on Japanese money in the House. (6)
13. Its use may be a sound way of sustaining 30. (5,5)
16. Shows daring despite a chance of being spotted. (8)
17. It's not in the red though red is in it. (6)
18. Yet it's hardly the seat to set tea on! (6)
20. "Scat" trumpet, by the sound of it. (8)
24. The throne certainly was in 23, 1A. (10)
25. See 12.
28. See 31, 9. (7)
29. How can one wear a cheerful look bearing this? (7)
30. Make a note of this! (4)
31, 9. Despite its color, a novel flower of the 23, not 28, 1A. (Escape literature, of course) (3,7,9)

DOWN

1. Take care over this! (4)
2. Church officials, always on edge? (7)
3. Plays, but not softly, for songs. (4)
4. But even Spooner wouldn't have used pie tins for them! (7)
5. So get up and move towards the port. (6)
7. Do a dive looping-the-loop. (7)
8. Under which even the calmest find it impossible to keep their heads. (10)
9. See 31.
14. 31, 9 saved many a one from getting it in the neck. (10)
15. Might make a truce in an unusual manner. (9)
19. The reason he took off was to escape the 8 for it, perhaps. (7)
21. A pack of mistakes? (7)
22. But not one of Helen Keller's illusions. (7)
23, 1A. But the result of this wasn't communism. (6,10)
26. Major and minor bear this. (4)
27. The clue you can't go on to in this puzzle. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 10. Blackbirds
4. See 19
9. Nut
10. See 1A
11. Evils
12. Night time
13. Evade
14. Lateness
15. See 1D
18. Ivan
20. Cottages
25. Prove
26. Mercenary
27. Naked
28. Okapi
29. See 17
30. Estimates
31. Abeam

DOWN

1, 15. Banana peel
2. Antigua
3. Kibitzer
4. Fertile
5. Listens
6. Opened
7. Ruinate
8. Easterly
16. Sixpence
17, 29. Baked in a pie
19, 4A. A pocket full of rye
20. Comfort 21. Tartans
22. Example 23. Beldam
24. Lyceum

(355)

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Business

Demands of the Alloy Age: Challenge to Research

By F. L. LaQUE

IN THE DEMANDS of the alloy age are quite different from those of an age of alloys. We have had alloys for thousands of years—represented, for example, by the mixtures of copper, nickel and tin produced by the ancient Chinese metallurgists from ores that contained these elements without any initial separation and re-combination. Indeed, bronze — an alloy of copper and tin—gave its name to one of the early ages of man—the one that preceded the iron age. But the contribution of bronze to the age which carries its name was far less significant than the powerful effects that alloys are having and will have on the nature of the alloy age in which we are now living.

The word alloy, itself, has had several meanings. At one time it had the connotation of being something inferior or spurious—the debasement of a precious metal for the purpose of deception. Another definition, and the one to be used here, states that a purpose of combining metals to form an alloy is "to give durability or some other desired quality". Instead of debasement as implied by the alloying of gold, it is possible by alloying to give base metals a value greater than gold. This extended value is real and its utility was given recognition during the war when it was more important to mine the metal nickel than to mine gold.

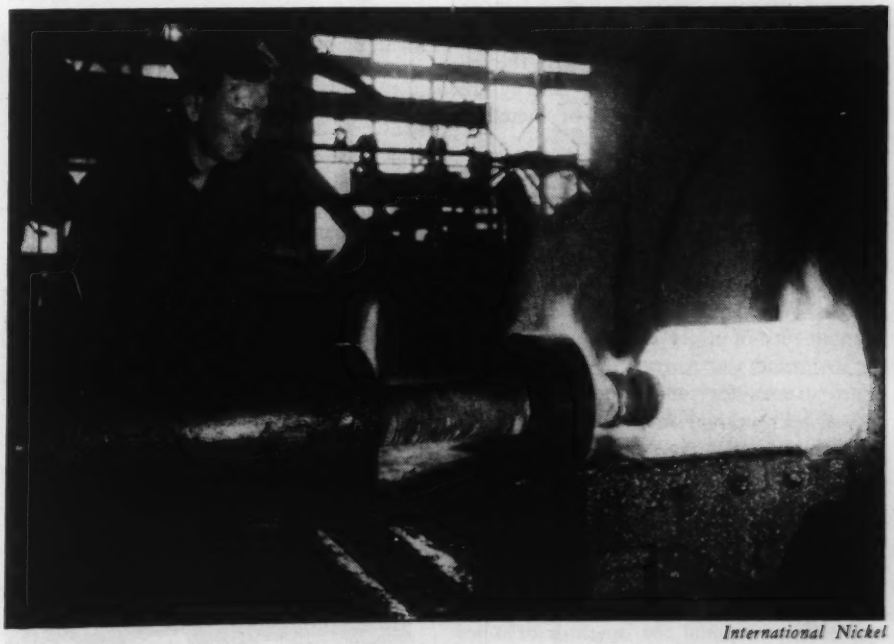
The value is real also in terms of the price that is paid for special alloys for special purposes. Such prices reflect ultimately the usefulness of the alloys to those who purchase them. For example, there is an alloy of iron, nickel, chromium and titanium that was developed several years ago in one of Inco's research laboratories. The essential properties of this alloy are that it is strong and tough enough to serve as a spring, can be converted into the delicate thin strip required for the hair spring in a chronometer and, of major importance, it retains its elastic properties without the slightest change over a wide range of temperature and thus insures that the accuracy of the instrument will be maintained irrespective of temperature fluctuations. Another feature of this alloy is that while the basic properties are determined by its composition it is possible to make a final correction of any discrepancy from the required zero temperature coefficient of elasticity by an appropriate heat treatment of the finished product.

This example was chosen not only to illustrate the creation of value by alloying but to draw attention as well to the other contributions to the worth of the final product. It is obvious that the market prices of the alloying constituents do not determine the ultimate value of the alloy. The nickel in a pound of the alloy costs about a quarter—and all of the constituents are worth less than a dollar—yet the material in the form of strip for hair springs sells for more than the price of gold. What is it that has been added to command this price?

First, there is the precise compounding and melting of the basic alloy. Then there is the careful processing of the ingot through the several stages of forging, hot and cold rolling with intermediate annealings until the desired thin, narrow strip has been produced. There are the inspection tests to qualify the material for its intended use and finally the heat treatment that achieves the last precise adjustment of the essential properties upon which the application of the alloy depends and by which its relatively high cost is justified.

This is typical of the manufacture and processing of many of the materials that are creating the alloy age. Most of them are used in more massive forms than hair springs and sell for only a fraction of the cost of this special product. But all of them depend on the knowledge of the metallurgists who devise them and melt them, the experience and special equipment of those who cast them in precise shapes or who forge and roll them into usable forms and the skill of the artisans who convert them into vital components of electronic devices, jet engines, rockets, nuclear reactors or any other application.

All of the steps in processing that have been mentioned impose their demands on the metallurgists for new knowledge and new applications of old information: demands on management and capital for new tools to melt and process more refractory materials to higher standards of quality and performance; demands on labor for more skills and greater care in the handling of alloys that may be difficult to



International Nickel

EXTRUSION at Inco's Huntington Works, West Virginia: Short on glamour.

•

Mr. LaQue is Vice-President and Manager of the Development and Research Division, The International Nickel Co., Inc. (U.S. Subsidiary of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd.).

work and have achieved a stored-up value through the contributions of their fellow workers in the earlier stages of processing; demands on the fabricators to insure that what is turned over to them is not spoiled in fashioning and assembling the finished parts; demands on the designers to be sure that they properly define their needs and that they use materials so near to the limits of their abilities as not to be wasteful of either the alloying elements or labor.

There is a demand for more fundamental knowledge of why materials behave as they do: why one alloy is stronger or more ductile than another; why one constituent has one effect and another constituent another. We are not totally ignorant in these areas, but new compositions and heat treatments still stem largely from the empirical or Edisonian type of investigation. Some of this is quite systematic and the results that have been achieved are proof of the practical usefulness of this approach. But merely adding system to empirical research does not make it fundamental. So we recognize a demand of the alloy age for more basic studies, the kind that cannot be planned in detail in advance.

All that can be defined is the ultimate goal of an improved understanding of cause and effect, and the mechanism of the result. This is frequently not attractive to those who want or require a quick answer to an immediate problem. It is hard to convince many that—as an associate remarked the other day—studies of fundamentals are likely to prove to be the best route from A to B—especially when we don't know what or where B is.

There is another demand which is not being properly satisfied. This is the demand for recruits to the science of metallurgy upon whom the future progress of the alloy age will depend. We have not managed to surround metallurgy with the glamour of some of the other and more popular sciences. We must somehow make it clear to our young people that the industrial applications of nuclear energy are being paced by the solution of metallurgical problems.

We must remind those who contemplate the thrills of jet flight that they cannot get off the ground, let alone break through the sound barriers of speed, without the special alloys in the engines and the air frames. We can mention that while the components of a jet engine are required to withstand the torture of high temperature stresses for only hundreds of hours it will be necessary to provide alloys able to endure similar stresses for thousand of hours in the gas turbines that will move our ships, trains and automobiles when this alloy age gets really underway. And when this time comes the opportunities for metallurgists will be much greater, even though still perhaps less glamorous, than those that surround the operator of a jet-propelled airplane.

Insurance

Accounts Receivable

By William Sclater

THE BOOKS OF A BUSINESS are the veins through which its lifeblood flows, the records of its sales and purchases. It is conceivable that, in certain catastrophes, these records could be destroyed or damaged beyond legibility. Fire could do this. So could flood, sprinkler leakage, building collapse or any of a number of insurable perils.

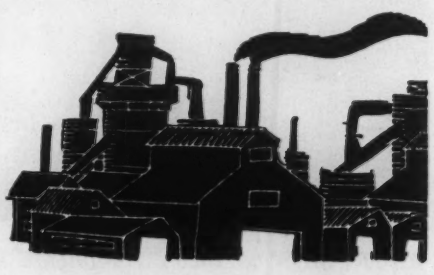
Fire insurance, in the event of fire, gives protection against the physical loss sustained, but what of the books? If they are destroyed or illegible, how are the accounts receivable going to be collected if there is no record of who owes for what and when? Imagine the chaos if the cycle billing records of a department store were to be lost or damaged.

The underwriters, with an eye to the potentials of such situations and well aware that Joe Doake's agency can be hit just as hard in its way by the loss of its records as any million-dollar concern, have devised protection against this hazard. The insurance is a protection against the loss of accounts owing to the Insured and does not refer to accounts owed by the Insured.

Attached or Separate

The policy is known as Accounts Receivable insurance and can be written as an attachment to the Fire policy; by a separate Casualty policy on a Burglary form, or by an Inland Marine form. When written as an attachment to the Fire policy the perils insured against are fire or those of the extended coverage endorsement, which are windstorm, hail, explosion, riot, civil commotion, aircraft damage, vehicle damage and smoke damage. Under either of the other two forms the coverage provided is against what is known as All-Risk.

The insurance is designed to cover all sums that are due the Assured, in fact all monies owing to the Assured that he is unable to collect because of loss or damage to his accounts-receivable records. It does considerably more. It may well be that the Assured is compelled to raise a bank loan to meet his own liabilities while awaiting the collection of what is owed to him. In such an event the interest charges on the bank loan are paid by the policy. It is also reasonable that collection costs will be much higher than would normally be the case and that considerable other additional expense may be incurred by the Assured in re-establishing his accounts receivable records after such a loss. All such expense over and above the normal is met by the Accounts Receivable insurance.



The amount for which an Accounts Receivable policy is written is usually a sum equal to the twelve-month average of the monthly accounts receivable balances. Companies writing this insurance usually require that records be kept in a fireproof safe or receptacle. Where they are kept will, of course, have a bearing on the rate. Another safeguard that also has a bearing on the rate is the maintenance of duplicate records at another location. Where a cycle billing system is used, detail as to microfilming of originals and the use of separate containers for accounts due and billed and accounts not yet billed will be required.

Whatever premium is stated in the policy is a provisional one as each previous 12 months is averaged on the anniversary date and the premium computed accordingly. In the settlement of a claim a period of three to six months is usually allowed for collection purposes. The amount of indemnity is then based on the amount collected.

Damage by Impact

Correspondence: K. A. McAvoy of Port Colborne writes to say that while we are correct in stating it is customary to have an exclusion clause covering the contingency of a man's wife running into his garage with his own car, there is a policy, the recently-introduced Homeowner's policy of the Insurance Company of North America, under which damage to a building caused by impact of aircraft or vehicles owned or operated by the Insured or his tenants, is covered, said insurance being subject to a $25 deductible. This is quite correct. We hope to describe this policy soon.

Who's Who in Business

Filling an Increasing Need

By John Irwin

RONALD M. KENT, youthful and energetic general manager of Dictaphone Corporation Limited, learned an important basic lesson the hard way early in life. When he was 20 he formed a company to manufacture and distribute a "raw fruit and senna" laxative. "Grandmother made it and I thought I could bestow its benefits on the Canadian public." A year and a half of "sweat and shoe leather" trying to launch his product with thin promotional funds in a highly advertised and highly geared competitive consumer - goods field, was the equivalent of several years of formal business education. He was forced to end his venture through lack of funds, and has never forgotten the lesson.

Ashley & Crippen

RON KENT

Born at Meaford, Ontario, on May 22, 1914, the son of the late Frank Kent who founded the firm of Seaman-Kent, the largest producer of hardwood flooring in the Empire, Ron Kent was educated at Toronto Public schools and UTS. In 1931, after a year at Toronto University, he had to earn a living and he started work at Eaton's as an office boy at $11 a week. After four years with Eaton's he had confidence to start out for himself "with grandma's recipe". When the laxative business closed, he looked around for a company and product to which he could enthusiastically devote his energy and interest in merchandising.

While perusing the yellow pages of the telephone directory for ideas, Dictaphone Corporation caught his eye. "I knew they had an established and respected trade name and were only scratching the surface of the market." He started his career with the Corporation in Toronto in May, 1937, as a salesman.

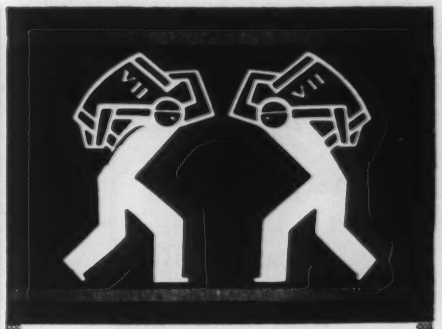
Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy and became a lieutenant. His Navy career "was largely routine, divided between sea appointments, mostly North Atlantic and Channel convoys, and instructional duty ashore". He invented and developed an anti-submarine weapon and went to the Admiralty in London and to the U.S. Navy with the results of tests he had carried out in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. His invention earned commendation from the Lords of the Admiralty.

On release from the Navy, he rejoined the Corporation and was appointed manager for Quebec. In 1947, at the age of 33, he was appointed chief executive for Canada, succeeding Gordon Paterson, now director of the parent company's international department in New York. In 1952 he was elected president of the Canadian Equipment Manufacturers Association.

Of medium height with a spare figure, he has an affable, crisp manner with the alertness of a successful salesman. Neatly groomed, he prefers bow ties and dark suits. With his wife, the former Ida Cressy of Buckingham, Que., who served in the WRNS during the war, and their two baby sons, he lives in Humber Valley Village.

Music has always interested him. In 1943, for diversion, he wrote the words and music of a song called "I Have a Vision". As he did not play any instrument, he hummed the melody to a pianist in Halifax who wrote it out for him. Later he submitted the score to a British publishing house. It became a hit in England in 1944, was afterwards used as a theme song on the CBC and was played by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at a "Pop" concert.

He thinks he is "extremely fortunate" to work for a Company whose product fills an increasing need in business and professional life. Ably supported by a loyal and efficient staff, he feels that in addition to the demands made by a vigorous merchandising program, the biggest responsibility of management is to be ready to listen to and treat with consideration every member of the enterprise.



JOHN JAMESON

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Johns-Manville Corporation
DIVIDEND
The Board of Directors declared a dividend of 75c per share on the Common Stock payable March 11, 1955, to holders of record Feb. 28, 1955.
ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Canadian Malartic

I HOLD 3,000 *shares of Malartic Gold Mines bought at 30 cents a share. Should I sell now or hold?—S. B., Toronto.*

Malartic Gold Mines was reorganized into Canadian Malartic Gold Mines in 1933 on the basis of one new share for two shares held. The property was brought into production in 1935. This stock is currently trading at 42 cents and moved in a range of 36-37 cents during 1954.

Production has been maintained on the gold property but dividends were discontinued in 1953.

The principal speculative interest in the stock has been derived from the agreement to finance and manage Rainville Copper Mines following its reorganization into Rainville Mines Limited.

As no news has been received from Rainville since last September and Canadian Malartic is not an active trader on the Toronto Stock Exchange, it would seem better tactics to transfer your funds into an issue with more possibilities of speculative action.

Milton Brick

I HAVE $1,000 *to invest and I was considering buying stock in the Milton Brick Company. Do you think this is a wise investment?—E. M. C., Halifax.*

The largest single drawback to Milton Brick is its total dependence upon the construction industry. House building, while at present at record levels, is beginning to show a few signs of weakness. Government policy of low interest mortgages and easy down payments has been mainly responsible for the high level of activity. A marked disparity between the number of new houses and the number of new families is causing some concern among realtors as to whether the present boom is reaching the point of saturation.

Another important factor which must be considered is the growing tendency, noticeable particularly in rural areas in the U.S.A., towards other forms of construction such as aluminum and wood sidings. This is not too apparent as yet in Canadian building circles. While clay brick has so far maintained its lead as a building material, it is susceptible to changes in techniques in house construction.

The company itself has progressed rapidly since 1941. Additions have been made to plant facilities and, with the completion of the latest kiln, productive capacity will be increased by some 15 per cent annually. Latest figures on earnings show a steady increase from a low in 1949 of 11 cents to 33 cents in 1953. Earnings for 1954, while not available, will probably be much higher—witness the increase in the dividend from 15 to 20 cents.

As an investment, the reasonably high yield which at the present market is nearly 6 per cent, makes the stock attractive from an income viewpoint over the short term. There is also the chance of small capital appreciation. However, as a long term growth stock, considering both safety of capital and dividends, the stock is not appealing. With its dependence on a single industry, any drop in construction activity in the Toronto area will place both the stock and earnings under pressure.

B.C. Forest Products

I HAVE 500 *shares of B.C. Forest Products Limited for which I paid* $7.00 *per share. Do you think it is likely to go to* $12.00 *in 1955 or should I sell now?—F. G. F., Toronto.*

The accompanying chart, which condenses the price movements of the stock from 1950, illustrates how closely the earnings curve has been reflected in the stock market.

The increase in net profits from the $1,208,880 earned in 1949 stimulated the rise that carried the stock from the 1949 low of $2.10 to the 1951 high of $10.25. The sharp decline in net profits from the peak of $2,994,733 earned in 1950 to $1,175,094 in 1952 sent the stock into a long decline with lows being recorded at 4.50 and 4.55 in 1952 and 1953.

With the earnings trend ascending, $2,185,725 being reported for 1954, the stock has recovered to the 1951 high of 10¼.

The demand for lumber on this continent has been held high by the various governmental measures to maintain the boom in construction and the outlook for export markets is improved by the effforts of Ottawa to reduce the premium on the Canadian dollar.

With commercial construction declining, residential building is accounting for a large percentage of the lumber market on this continent. A recent report by the *Wall Street Journal* points out that the overbuilding phase is approaching in residential housing. The low birth rates of the thirties are being reflected in the sharp decline in marriages and the formation of new households. Houses are being built at

a rate more than double the rate of marriages.

The recent easing of interest rates on mortgages in Canada from 5½ to 5¼ per cent might also be a "straw in the wind" as to the trend of building. Certainly, a glance at the columns of "Apartments for Rent" in any daily newspaper indicates

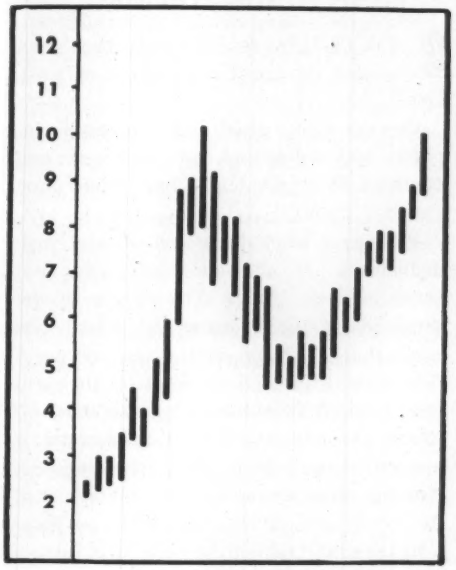


Chart by N. A. de Munnik

the competition arising between landlords to fill vacant apartments.

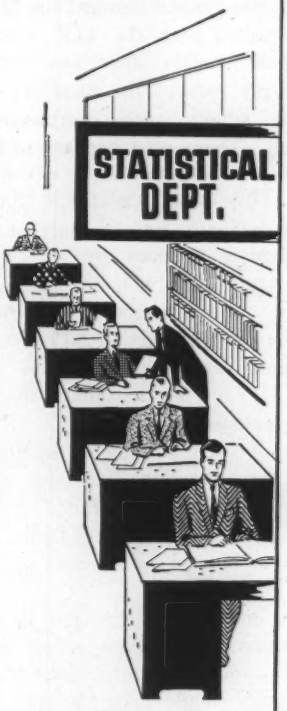
As you are apparently more interested in securing your capital than in the long-term outlook for the company, it would be best to concentrate upon the possible developments of this advance in the stock. As trading interest has been stimulated by the optimistic first quarter report and the hopes of the company to build a pulp mill on the west coast of Vancouver Island, it seems possible that favorable news could stimulate a further rise in the price. A lift through 10½ would indicate, from the technical point of view, that a rise to an objective of 13-14 would be possible.

New Highridge

ABOUT A YEAR *and a half ago I purchased some shares of New Highridge at 65 cents. I have been unable to find any recent information concerning this company's activities. Should I dispose of this stock at the present market of* 16 *cents or hold?—G. C. F., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

The last report from this company concerning proposed exploration on its two properties in the Manitouwadge and Bathurst areas was in the summer of 1954. As the results of this drilling program have not been made available one must assume that they were unfavorable. It is not common practice among junior companies of this sort, so dependent on promotional funds for financing, to keep favorable news a secret.

This same lack of information seems to indicate that no exploration is in progress at the present time. This is further



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supported by the lack of activity in the stock, which has fluctuated between 15 and 40 cents for the better part of a year during a period of heavy speculation in base metal shares.

Until the company resumes active exploration, chances of a recovery in the price of the stock are slight indeed. It would seem wiser tactics to switch your funds to an offering with more possibilities.

God's Lake

I HOLD 500 *shares of God's Lake purchased at* $1.50. *Would you please give me some information on this stock and advise me whether to hold or sell.—G. W. H., Toronto.*

God's Lake has a number of properties in the early stages of development. The most promising is the property in the Lynn Lake district adjacent to Sherritt Gordon. Besides these properties, a considerable share interest is held in numerous mining companies which are active and producing.

At the time when the Lynn Lake property was acquired, market interest returned to the stock because of drilling results and underwriters' activities. After the distribution of the optioned stock, news from the property became scarce, which seems to indicate that drilling results were none too successful. The stock slowly drifted down to the 70-cent level where it has been making a base for a number of months. The only hope of an advance would seem to lie in renewed activity on one of their properties. This might stimulate an advance to the $1.00-1.20 level where sufficient supply would be available to limit the move.

Pine Point Mines

I WOULD *appreciate information regarding Pine Point Mines Limited, particularly as to capital set-up, extent of property and development and the general outlook for this company.—H. C., Victoria.*

This company is closely associated with Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, which holds 523,023 shares of the 3,694,411 shares shown as issued in the last balance sheet. Since then, 194,407 shares were sold, by an issue of rights, leaving 1,111,182 in the treasury.

The company owns 1,015 claims at Pine Point in the Great Slave Lake area where exploration work has developed an estimated 5 million tons of ore averaging 4 per cent lead and 7.4 per cent zinc suitable for open-pit mining and another several million tons of ore which could be extracted by underground mining.

The company indicated last summer that it would concentrate on sinking a shaft to investigate mining conditions and further drilling work will be deferred until the property is brought into production.

The rise in the general demand for lead and zinc, coupled with the U.S. stockpiling of these metals since last summer, has sharply reduced the surpluses of these metals which were overhanging world markets. There now appears to be a fair possibility that prices will advance moderately. This might hasten the plans to bring this property into production.

The company's finances are in good shape. At April 30, 1954, the balance sheet showed current assets of $235,000 as against current liabilities of $19,000.

The working capital position was reinforced by $359,653 by the sale of shares mentioned previously.

With Consolidated Mining & Smelting controlling the operation, financing will not be a problem. Further funds could be provided by the sale of the balance of the shares remaining in the treasury or by means of a bond issue.

As for the outlook, the strongest factor in the situation is the experienced and capable management of Consolidated Mining & Smelting. While progress may be slow and the price action of the stock unlikely to attract speculative interest, this company appears to be a good bet for long-term holding.

In Brief

ABOUT ONE *year ago I bought* 3,000 *shares of Silanco Mining at* 18 *cents a share. Would you advise holding this stock?—R. R., Saskatoon.*

No.

SHOULD I *continue to hold shares of Ramona Gold and Gold Hill Mines?—K. S. T., Massey, Ont.*

Why not? You can't sell them.

IS ARNO MINES *Ltd., still in existence and to what extent?—T. S., Penticton, BC.*

Gasping for breath.

I WOULD *appreciate your comment on Aconic Mines. Should I invest?—J. S. D., Ottawa.*

I wouldn't.

HAVE YOU *any information on Amos-Cadillac? Is it wallpaper? — G. S. C., Montreal.*

Definitely.

I OWN *some shares of Goldmaque. Is this company still active?—C. F., Toronto.*

Not very but the underwriters are.

•

The number of queries received is so large that it is impossible, unfortunately, to answer each one in time for the information to be of benefit to the questioner. All queries are carefully considered, however, and an effort is made to discuss the questions which appear to be of the greatest general interest.

Bonds

Tax Credit Dangers

By J. Ross Oborne

TAX CREDITS on dividends are often gained by sacrificing safety of principal.

Our tax laws, which allow investors income tax deductions on preferred and common share dividends, have their good and bad points.

Perhaps a brief discussion of why such deductions are allowed would bring out some of these points. The source of the dividends is the company in which one owns shares. This company pays corporation taxes to the government on its earnings. Certain deductions are, of course, allowed the company before an amount is arrived at, on which taxes are computed. Among these deductions is interest paid on bonds and debentures. With corporation taxes as high as they are, it is important to the bondholders that they are paid their interest *before* the Government takes its cut of the profits.

In the case of the preferred and common shareholders in a company, it is only *after* taxes are paid to the Government, that dividends are distributed. The earnings that are received as a dividend have thus already been taxed. Because of this, and to a degree to alleviate the burden of double taxation, investors are allowed a tax credit or rebate on income received as dividends. On the other hand, bond and debenture holders do not receive such a credit because the Company paying the interest to them has not paid corporation tax on these particular earnings.

There is no question that such a taxation arrangement is fair to both the bondholder and the stockholder. The bondholder has an additional safety factor but no tax credit; the stockholder gets the tax credit as a partial return of double taxation.

The tax credit on dividends is in itself a good thing. It does, however, encourage investors to relinquish the safety factor of bonds in exchange for the risks of ownership. There is no question whatever that since this law came into force there has been a marked trend toward downgrading portfolios of investments.

Perhaps there is some psychology involved in the desire to obtain tax credits. It may have a bearing on the obsession that many people have in getting the maximum out of their income tax deductions. Whatever the reason may be, there is no gainsaying the fact that many private investors have been selling bonds and buying stocks because of the tax credit on the latter.

It is not our intention to discuss the various investment factors such as security, income and growth, nor point out the important differences between bonds and preferred and common shares. We assume that anyone purchasing securities knows the advantages and disadvantages of both classes of securities.

Investors may be well aware that by selling bonds and debentures to buy shares they are giving up a good deal of security. Perhaps this is a good thing. Canadians have often been too prone to let others assume the risks of ownership. Up to a point, downgrading to obtain income or profit advantages is a sensible thing. Very often, however, a move once started can be carried too far.

That this move is going too far on its own momentum is becoming increasingly evident. A move from bonds and debentures to preferred shares is, of course, the line of least resistance for investors. The investor perhaps justified such downgrading on the basis that a preferred share is similar in many ways to a bond. Such an argument is specious, camouflaging the real reason, which is the tax advantage.

The market for preferred shares has been abnormally strong for some time. Most new issues sell to premium prices shortly after they are marketed. There is a definite scarcity value for preferred shares on the various stock exchanges. Based on past experience there is little doubt that the tax credit on preferred shares has been mainly responsible for high prices.

It is becoming quite the usual thing for a preferred share to give a lesser return on the investment than the bonds or debentures of the same company. Investors are becoming quite adjusted to the tax credit on the dividend making up the difference. In brief, security has become secondary and the "value" of an investment disregarded in the obsession for tax credits.

What has been said about the preferred shares applies equally to common shares. In this case, however, even lower returns on the investments are doubly justified, first because of the tax credit and secondly because of anticipated future growth potential.

In effect what is going on is that investors, influenced at least in part by dividend tax credits, are setting new standards of investment. Gone are the rule-of-thumb principles that a preferred stock should give one-half of one per cent more in income than a bond and that a common stock to justify risk should give one per cent better than that. Fast disappearing are the investment motives of safety of capital first, then income and last of all growth or capital profit.

An absence of such basic principles of investment can result in only one thing—an absence of investors.

Advertising

The Good Word

By John Carlton

NOWHERE OUTSIDE TORONTO is there anything to compare with the church advertising seen every Saturday in the daily newspapers of that city. It is estimated that between $80,000 and $100,000 are spent annually by Protestant churches in Toronto to advertise Sunday services. Other cities in Canada, the United States and the United Kingdom have similar paid notices, but the showing is a group of tapers compared with Toronto's battery of Klieg lights. For volume, variety, layout and size, Toronto's church advertising is unique.

At the height of the church-going season there are never less and often more than two pages of both Toronto's evening dailies completely filled on Saturdays with particulars of Sunday services. All Protestant sects elbow each other in the display. None is content to run what might be called a "business card" reminder. Many are frankly sensational, according to standards observed elsewhere. Orchestras, quartettes, Technicolor slide films and movies, and other allurements, are advertised in display type. Photographs of preachers and soloists are frequently seen. One prominent Toronto divine once described the pages as a "Chamber of Horrors". Most of the pastors of the churches concerned endorse and encourage this publicity. They claim that the money spent is more than returned by the increased congregations. To what extent Toronto is "the Good" because its churches are prolific advertisers, or whether they advertise because it is in that category, is a moot question.

More Salesmen

The Young Men's Ad & Sales Club of Toronto heard at a recent meeting that what this country needs is 50,000 more salesmen. Fifty thousand more salesmen would probably double the number operating in Canada today. It would not necessarily double sales. Granted that new men had all the qualities and training the speaker said are needed for success, their united efforts might do no more than bring a temporary fillip to industry. An inevitable result would be swollen inventories in innumerable retail stores. Selling the dealer is one thing. Pre-selling the consumer is another. The last is the constant task of national advertising. Without that stimulant to buying, the salesman's work is incomplete. Advertising and selling must always go hand in hand. If Canada needs 50,000 more salesmen, it also needs proportionately more advertising if stocks on dealers' shelves and other inventories are to be moved into the hands of consumers.

Tea for Canada Week

"If you drive, drink tea" and "Make coffee one for the road" were two slogans much in evidence during the Christmas season. The theme will be continued by both the tea and coffee interests. During March 21 to 26, the Tea Council of Canada will stress "Tea for Canada Week". The promotion schedule will include TV, radio, newspapers, week-end papers and farm papers. Details of the campaign, under direction of Spitzer & Mills, Ltd., Toronto, will include a dealer store display contest in which cash awards of $3,500 will be offered. Attractive point-of-purchase material will be provided.

Bride's Spending

A magazine devoted to the interest of newly-weds reports that today's average bride spends over $3,000 in the first eight weeks of marriage. A survey revealed that she is 22 years of age, usually a working girl with a 24-year-old husband earning $52 a week, giving her an income of $2,704. The survey claims that after two months of married life, 84 per cent of today's brides acquire an iron; 80 per cent a toaster; 66 per cent a coffee maker; 50 per cent a waffle iron; 48 per cent a mixer, and 41 per cent a radio. All these articles are among the most heavily and consistently advertised products.

Recession or no recession, Canada will see this year many new products launched on the consumer market. Experienced advertisers are aware that "something new" is the main loosener of purse strings, the surest way to increase sales. Oneida Limited, will offer several new lines this Spring, advertising them on outside back covers of magazines. Moffats Limited is ready with thirteen new or improved gas ranges especially designed for use with natural gas. New or better electric ranges have also been announced and the company has planned its "biggest ever" advertising expenditure for 1955. The market will be blanketed with newspapers, magazines, farm papers and posters.

The Shape of Spring is lithe and lovely...

...with an easy flowing rhythm to the new long-stem look, and a bouquet of colours for the Spring season awakening. See the lithe shape, the lovely look, in suits, dresses, separates... waist-eased, hip-swathed, in line with Paris femininity... It's the shape of beautiful things to come, the 1955 shape to be seen right now, in all the Fashion Collections at Eaton's.

EATON'S

...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

women

JERSEY IN PARIS: *from Chanel's Spring collection comes this coat in bright yellow jersey and above is a typical Chanel silhouette, a navy blue jersey suit edged with white braid, in the middy blouse tradition.*

Conversation Pieces:

IS IT VANITY or hardihood that makes it possible for women to step out wearing nylon sheers in any weather? This question so baffled a male reporter that he set out during a recent cold spell to find the answer. He put his question ("How do you keep your legs warm?") to a number of nylon-wearers in Northern Ontario towns. The temperatures ranged from 10° to 20° below zero. The answers didn't vary at all. "Nylons," said all the ladies except one, who said, "Why, nylons, silly!" Actually, nylons are only indirectly responsible for the phenomenon. There is very little warmth in nylon hosiery, but the wearing of nylons in all weather for over a generation has developed a sort of protective system that operates almost as effectively as thermostatic control.

The grandmothers of today's nylon wearers wore wool underwear and wool stockings, together with felt-lined rubbers and high felt spats. They were thus almost as vulnerable to cold as men are today. It is hard to say which would have left them more aghast—the recklessness of wearing sheer stockings through a Canadian winter, or the temerity of a male reporter who would ask them how they kept their legs warm.

Meanwhile two Wisconsin inventors have come up with a liquid spray for keeping feet warm. It is called, appropriately, Hotfoot. We hope that sales will be confidential. It will be hard for nylon-wearers to retain their respect for a sex that has to add a liquid defroster to wool socks, wool trousers, brogues and arctics.

BACK IN THE TWENTIES the long flat torso prevailed, together with the windswept bob. Then the *femme fatale* was announced, without warning. She wore her hair flat and sleek, her figure was curved like a violin, and for millions of admiring movie-goers she was Miss Nita Naldi of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.*

Now in 1955 we are told, the *femme fatale* has reappeared. The sleek flat coiffure has replaced the shaggy or gamin hairdo which made the wearer look as though she had been gone over with a lawnmower or even, in extreme cases, by the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. This time, however, the sleek coiffure is accompanied by the Dior line, which is beginning to look more and more like the long torso, or middy-blouse line of the Twenties. It really seems as though the only way to distinguish yourself as a *femme fatale* in any period is to pull your hair straight back in a bun.

WE ARE GRADUALLY accustoming ourselves to the current use of the word "executive" as an adjective: the executive home (three level, three trend, three bathrooms); the executive suit (dacron, hand-detailed), and the executive photographic study (bold yet visionary, alert yet relaxed). Now we have the executive shirt as worn by the subject of the executive photograph. The executive shirt can be patterned in checks, stripes and even muted floral designs, as long as it is colored, authoritatively styled and worn before sundown. The executive type should *never* wear a white shirt to the office.

Beaux Arts Ball

in Vancouver

Visual Education Dept., Vancouver School Board

THE BEAUX ARTS BALL *is an annual event in Vancouver, sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary to the Vancouver Art Gallery and the Vancouver School of Art. This year the theme was "When We Were Six" and guests came costumed accordingly. Here are the co-conveners of the Ball in costume. Mrs. Robert Travers of the Women's Auxiliary and artist Jack Shadbolt of the School of Art.*

Vancouver School Board

MR. AND MRS. GALT MARTIN, *as a pair of hand puppets, pose with actor Barney Potts, the master of ceremonies. Mrs. Martin is on the Ball committee.*

Vancouver School Board

MOLLY BOBAK, *a well-known painter, helps first year art student John Grigoruk into his tree costume for the Ball.*

Dave Buchan

MRS. E. J. PEEK PHILPOTT, *President of the Women's Auxiliary, presents a lollipop to third year student Bunny Goddard. The programs featured a drawing of a little girl, and the same motif was used in a mural as seen in the photograph at the top of the page.*

Canadian Personalities

Baron

MRS. ADA PRITCHARD: *a former Alderman, now one of four Controllers in Hamilton, Ont. Born in England, she came to Canada in 1926.*

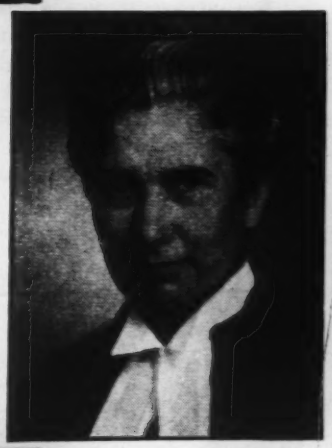
MRS. RICHARD (ELLEN) HARRIS: *a Zonta International governor (including U. S. districts) and President of the Vancouver Civic Ballet Society.*

Hubert Beckett

MRS. ELSIE PARK GOWAN: *an Edmonton playwright and graduate of the University of Alberta, who wrote the 1954 pageant for the city's golden jubilee. She has been a radio dramatist for 18 years.*

Photo: Ken Bell

MRS. CHESTER (VIOLET) FALT: *a Governor of the Dominion Drama Festival. English-born, she married a Canadian and came to Nova Scotia in 1946. She directs and acts with the local New Glasgow Theatre Guild.*



MARGARET PERNEY, QC: *a lawyer (called to the bar in 1927), who topped the polls in her Ward to win re-election to Toronto's Board of Education and a seat on the Metropolitan Board.*

Photo: Milne

HELEN GUITON: *a novelist whose* Country Lovers *has been translated into French, entitled* Jean-Paul des Laurentides. *Born in the Jersey Islands, she came to Montreal as a child. Recently she retired from school teaching.*

Flavour 'magic' in every drop!

A little Lea & Perrins on steaks, stews, hash, fish, etc., and - *presto!* - there's a new zest to your enjoyment of good food.

ON YOUR TABLE... AND IN YOUR COOKING.

LEA & PERRINS

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE Sauce

This is the RED CROSS in action...in CANADA

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Cheerfully... Gratefully... Generously!

$5,494,100 IS NEEDED THIS YEAR

Letters

Super-Spy

THE SUPERVISORY device mentioned so casually in the report of the interview with Dr. V. Zworykin fills me with horror. It is all very well to talk about its being used on a closed circuit to watch the children playing or keep an eye on the soup, but what is to prevent its broader application as a sort of super-spy on the activities of everyone? These technological "advances" bring us day by day closer to the time when there will be no such thing as privacy for the individual. The really frightening thing about it all is the complacency with which we applaud such inventions.

Halifax MARY T. OWEN

Orchestra Support

I WAS INTERESTED to notice Dr. Boyd Neel's article . . . concerning support for the formation of the Hart House Orchestra.

Several of my friends and myself have formed an organization called the Hart House Orchestra Associates for the express purpose of providing the kind of continuing program Dr. Neel needs in order to make the orchestra an effective part of the musical life of this city, and indeed, of this country.

If anything, Dr. Neel has under-estimated the problems of getting such a group formed. We should like to solicit the support of any of your readers who consider our efforts worthwhile . . .

Toronto C. CLYDE BATTEN, Editor, *The Varsity.*

Opposition to Centre

IT WAS PROBABLY inevitable that your editorial columns would gently but subtly jibe at the efforts of those who feel, by conviction, Toronto should not accept a Civic Centre built from the proceeds of the sale of alcoholic beverages. Your editorial, however, seems to neglect the main points of those who are opposed to the sale of such beverages: (1) On economic grounds; my room-mate in the hospital in April who told me that he had lost everything—home, job, wife, daughter—everything through drink; the two men crazed with drink who were brought into the hospital not expected to live because they drove a truck down the devilstrip at 70 miles an hour into a street-car; the growing list of those one knows whose early end is brought about by drink; the mental hospital's growing list; the tell-tale slogan "If you drink, don't drive". It is economic waste. (2) On moral grounds; for those who regard the Bible as authoritative; the frequent condemnation of drink and by implication again and again, the responsibility of those who indulge . . .

Toronto G. A. HARRAP

Artistic Expression

M RENE LAJOIE, in comparing our artists unfavorably with the Dutch Masters (Feb. 5), probably speaks for a large section of our people. But similar voices have been heard in other times, and let us not forget that many of those now considered among the greatest masters were in their own time regarded as fanatics—or imbeciles.

I claim neither to understand or like "modern art" but would suggest that much that is unintelligible to us, now, will be part of the everyday experience of the generations following. . . One might well feel, personally, that a world speaking the language of our more drastic modern art would be somewhat nightmarish. M Lajoie could reword his query "What is the matter with our artists?", and ask "What is the matter with our civilization, that our artists must thus express themselves?"

MURIEL E. NEWTON-WHITE

Charlton Station, Ont.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

VOL. 70, NO. 22 WHOLE NO. 3226

Of Many Things

THE DOUBTS expressed . . . as to exactly what the Bank of Canada will pay in exchange for a Canadian dollar, are strange.

Quoting from the dollar I have, I think the Bank's undertaking could hardly be more specific: "BANK OF CANADA will pay the bearer on demand J. E. Coyne". Allowing that the Bank is either spelling phonetically or (possibly) using very ancient English, it is clear that a demander would get—Coin.

My knowledge of ancient French is insufficiently extensive to allow me to divine what Jean Batiste would get if he confronted the Banque with its promise "paiera au porteur sur demande G. F. Towers". Castles in Spain, possibly. Whatever it might be, he could, of course, observe that Canada is officially bilingual and, in the name of justice, demand Coin.

Deschenes, Que. C. K. G. WICKS

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH to read in Hugh MacLennan's Letter from Montreal that hockey was Canada's "sole cultural creation", when everyone knows that hockey originated in England, but to find in Conversation Pieces that snowshoeing is "as obsolete as lacrosse" is surely straining simile to the limit.

Lacrosse is Canada's only indigenous sport and a faster, more exciting game has yet to be devised. It possesses all the virtues Mr. MacLennan claims for hockey and has in the last few years attracted as many new followers as hockey, through its brawling, has lost.

New Westminster, BC JAMES MCCONKEY

AFTER READING two or three of Arthur Koestler's early books I had decided that I had had more than enough of his intellectual arrogance and I would read no more. However, out of curiosity I began to read the excerpts from *The Invisible Writing* and I have found myself engrossed to the point of buying the complete book. Beshrew my heart, I not only pity the man; I like him!

Ottawa GEORGE MORROW

ARTHUR MORRISON is calling on the wrong witness when he cites "The Little Red Hen" as an example of unbiased and interesting reading for beginners. A more repetitious piece it would be hard to find. In addition, it is one of the most subtle pieces of capitalistic propaganda ever written.

Winnipeg A. T. KRONACK

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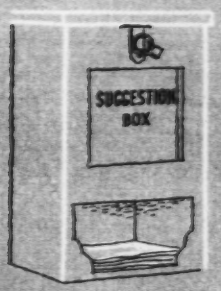

A Single Idea paid this Man $2500

We never thought this Suggestion Plan idea for employees would work so well.

We naturally expected interest and enthusiasm. But we certainly did not anticipate the constant flow of practical suggestions to make our products even better, speed production, promote safety, save materials and cut costs!

When we set out to provide incentives in the way of cash payments, we little thought that major awards would be so frequently achieved. Well, that's where we were wrong! As much as $2,500.00 is sometimes awarded.

Last year 1586 employees in our Canadian plants, earned $72,555.82 through the plan.

This extra incentive sets thousands of minds to thinking up ways and means to improve General Motors products and production methods. Every idea is carefully considered, and the practical ones are taken up and developed to carry forward the tradition of "greater value" in General Motors products. They result in better home appliances, finer cars and trucks, more efficient locomotives . . . and many other leading products bearing the General Motors name.

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5th Symphony *and*

SCHUBERT

Symphony #8—The "Unfinished"

and or

THIS HANDSOME PORTFOLIO CONTAINING 16 PAINTINGS BY

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Each month you will receive a treatise on some important phase of How to Appreciate Music. These handsome monographs make up a complete course and will help you and your entire family to love and understand music. And each month an issue is yours **absolutely free**—whether or not you purchase any additional records.

FREE ART APPRECIATION COURSE

As a patron of Art Treasures of the World, you will receive the monthly "Art Appreciation Course" with each Portfolio you accept. This fascinating course is prepared by a leading art authority exclusively for members. It consists of a handsome 7" x 10" brochure filled with famous paintings, art analyses, background material, etc. to help you to a better understanding of art.

Yes, for only 10c you may have this brand new, pure vinyl GUARANTEED HIGH FIDELITY 12-inch long-playing record—containing BEETHOVEN'S "5th Symphony" and SCHUBERT'S "8th Symphony," both **complete**. Almost one full hour of the most thrilling, most memorable music imaginable . . . superbly performed . . . and reproduced with such brilliant fidelity that you can hear every sound within range of the human ear! Ordinarily, a long-playing record comparable in quality of performance and sound to the one offered here, but containing only ONE symphony, sells for as much as $5.95. But—as an introduction to the planned program of MUSIC TREASURES OF THE WORLD—this wonderful record is yours for just 10c!

YOU MAY ALSO have for just 10c a breathtakingly beautiful Collector's Portfolio of 16 world-famous paintings by REMBRANDT—reproduced in exquisite full color, 15 of which are mounted on 11" x 15" ready-to-frame mats. This Portfolio is handsomely bound with a full-color illustrated cover and covered with acetate. The Portfolio regularly sells for $2.98—but we want to send it to you for just 10c, to acquaint you with the remarkable program of ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD.

Brand New Records—at an Unbelievably Low Price

Under our planned program of MUSIC TREASURES OF THE WORLD, you can now enjoy in your own home the world's greatest music of your choice . . . beautifully recorded on the latest high-fidelity electronic equipment, with the full range of sound the human ear is capable of hearing (30-15,000 cycles per second) . . . all for $2.98 per record, **much less than the price you would normally expect to pay.** You and your children can now enjoy the best-loved works of all the greatest composers, both serious and light—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Gershwin, etc. All these selections are thrilling BRAND-NEW performances, played by internationally famous philharmonic orchestras under the batons of such eminent conductors as Walter Hendl, Hans Swarowsky, Dean Dixon, Kurt Graunke, etc.—brilliantly recorded especially for these new long-playing records.

By accepting this introductory BEETHOVEN-SCHUBERT record you will automatically be enrolled in our home study Music Appreciation Course—absolutely free! Each month you will receive a FREE issue of the course, so that you and your family can really understand the fine points of music and listen to it in much the same manner as do the critics and composers themselves!

Art Masterpieces—at a Fraction of the Usual Cost!

Now—thanks to the planned program of ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD—the treasured paintings of the world's great museums, galleries and private collections can enrich your home . . . as though the celebrated masters had painted them especially for your pleasure.

Here is an unprecedented opportunity for your family to acquire—for hanging or for portfolio display—brilliant, authentic, framing size reproductions of the best-loved paintings of Rembrandt, Degas, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Utrillo and other great artists. Landscapes, ballet scenes, flowers, religious themes, cafe and street scenes, portraits, etc., can now be framed and interchanged freely according to your mood, since all reproductions are identical in mat size, 11" x 15". With each ART TREASURES portfolio you accept, you will automatically receive a free issue of our acclaimed Art Appreciation Course. You and your family will quickly learn to understand great art, learn how to judge a painting, know why it was painted and how to get at its real meaning. Such important subjects as Color, Composition, Technique, Distortion, Abstraction and Symbolism will become remarkably clear to you.

HOW THIS UNIQUE PROGRAM OPERATES

Just mail the coupon, enclosing only 10c for either the long-playing BEETHOVEN-SCHUBERT recording, or the 16 paintings by REMBRANDT or enclose 20c for both. Each month you will receive advance information about the new MUSIC TREASURES Long-Playing Record, or the latest ART TREASURES Portfolio of paintings by a famous master, however you choose. As a member you are entitled to receive these selections at the special price of only $2.98 each. If you do not wish to purchase any particular selection, simply return the form provided for that purpose. **You are not obligated to purchase any selections offered to you.** Take advantage of this wonderful way to enjoy the world's greatest music and painting in your home. Fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

TREASURES OF THE WORLD, 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont. SN-3

I enclose 10c for each introductory selection checked below, plus the first treatise of the Appreciation Course, which I may keep whether or not I purchase any additional selection.

Please check ☐ Beethoven-Schubert Record, 10c one or both ☐ Rembrandt Portfolio, 10c

Each month I will receive advance notice of the new MUSIC TREASURE or ART TREASURE, or both, as indicated above, which I may purchase at the special members' price of only $2.98 each, plus delivery charge. However, I may decline to accept any or all selections and I may cancel membership at any time. In addition you will send me the Appreciation Courses as explained, absolutely FREE.

SPECIAL NOTE: All my records are to be 33-1/3 rpm unless I specify 45 rpm below.

☐ Check here if you want the introductory record on four 45 rpm Extended Play Records. Future selections will be on four 45 rpm Extended Play records—for $3.50.

Membership is limited to one Art and/or Music Treasures subscription to any family or household.

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